

Three Poems Robert Graves

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The Mild Mr. Rusk

Alex Campbell

Books and the Arts

Murray Kempton Marquis W. Childs

J. K. Galbraith Robert Brustein

Gertrude Himmelfarb Frank Getlein

Benjamin Schwartz Albert Goldman

Stanley Kauffmann

T.R.B.

from
Washington

The Fight Has Just Begun

★ It would be more tactful perhaps if Martin Luther King, when asked about the civil rights bill, should smile blandly and say, "Pass the measure and I am sure all racial issues will vanish." More tactful, perhaps, but dishonest.

Social revolutions, alas, don't come to an end with a single bill. We have taken a long time to get this far and there are years of struggle ahead. Dr. King is a realist; in a gentle tone he tells reporters of three plans, each calculated to put opponents' teeth on edge. First, after a month's Senate debate he will conclude that a genuine filibuster is under way, and he will urge agitation all over the country. "Another march on Washington—?" He won't say.

Second, Dr. King says simply that the present bill is good but not good enough, and that shortly after it is passed (if it is) he will probably start working on another. And third: if the pending bill is passed, he and his friends will shortly thereafter stage a series of legal tests over the South to prove its efficacy and enforcement. It is hard to believe that such tests can occur without a battle.

In short, looking ahead, Dr. King in his mild way does not offer a very tranquil prospect. "If the bill doesn't end pressure," it might be asked, "what's the use of passing it?" The answer is, of course, that the pressure and probable violence will be vastly worse if no bill at all is passed.

Every great social revolution produces its inevitable counter-revolution. This has punctually appeared in the civil rights fight in what has come to be called the "whip-lash effect." A number of Northern white communities

have been rejecting racial equalization proposals for residences and schools, and there are other portents of political reaction. How far they will go nobody can say, but it would be folly to ignore them. That is the spark Alabama's racist Governor Wallace is trying to fan, in entering Presidential primaries in Northern states. The first of these comes immediately in Wisconsin. Nobody can guess how he will fare. It will be difficult to interpret the primary because Wisconsin allows Republicans to cross over and vote on the Democratic side and Birchites and Goldwater supporters will certainly do so. It is rather fortunate, on the whole, that the man who has made the challenge is Wallace. Shrewd Dixie politicians may be sorry that it is an all-out racist who is carrying the police-dog-electric-prod-stick mentality into the South's appeal for Northern support.

LBJ and the Press

★ Every President is entitled to the kind of press conference he wants, but we think that something important has gone out of Washington if Mr. Johnson continues with the pattern of present Saturday gatherings. These are held, one would imagine, deliberately to keep coverage down. It is the worst time of the week for journalistic make-up with big Sunday editions going to press early and with many papers with no Sunday editions at all. Most of the bureau chiefs and columnists have closed up shop for the week, and the White House force is composed of "regulars"—the band of able and dedicated newsmen who are exclusively assigned to the Executive offices and go with the President wherever he goes, from Texas to San Francisco. They can ask pointed questions but they are not apt to make an issue of things and still stay in the White House retinue.

There is nothing in the Constitution, of course, that says a President needs hold any press conference at all; and yet in the absence of a parliamentary question period, the untrammelled conference has come to fill a place in American government. Press and President both benefit from it. The President can find out what the public is asking, and the press gets a chance to watch the man that they are writing about.

This reporter was never sympathetic to General Eisenhower's policies and yet time after time we came away from his press conference liking the man. The conference did much to reduce tension all around.

The Johnson press conference that seems to be emerging is a controlled affair. Notice is generally not given in advance; the time is arranged with a maximum degree of awkwardness for the reporter who normally has assignments elsewhere and the limited group who attend are chiefly the spot news regulars who have a considerable interest in retaining passable White House relations. In short, it is the kind of limited conference that Mr. Johnson used to hold back when he was Senator, informal but impatient, sometimes non-responsive and often brusque.

Mr. Johnson would be much more exposed, of course, if he submitted to the large-scale conferences of his predecessors. Not once, for example, has he been asked direct about the \$1,200 TV advertising contract that came to the LBJ-TV station at Austin, Texas, in conjunction with the \$100,000 life insurance policy written by the then partner of Bobby Baker. It would be better for everybody if the awkward question were disposed of once and for all.

Lacking the old, air-cleaning give-and-take of large-scale press conferences we detect a larger-than-usual growth of rumors and "revelations" among the gossip columnists, and an enlargement of journalistic personality-sniping that often is associated with clogged news channels.

With the Right Wing

★ Billionaire H. L. Hunt's conservative Life Line Foundation now proudly boasts radio advertising from 325 firms. . . . A Princeton student group opposing integration calls itself "Princeton Committee for Racial Reconciliation." . . . The Coordinating Committee for Fundamental American Freedoms is the chief lobby fighting the civil rights bill. Its spokesmen admit spending \$250,000 so far. This is the biggest-spending lobby in Washington and put display ads in 215 newspapers recently. Some funds come from the Mississippi Sovereignty Commission, but most from unnamed donors.

CONTENTS

THE WEEK – What Is Due the
UN; Off-Course Planes; Don't Go
Near the Water; Brazil and Chile;
Surprises in the Primaries; The
Case of the Smoked Mink

FOREIGN REPORTS – Great Britain: Poll
Fever; India: Hindu-Moslem Killings 9

A Child's Question – Robert Coles 10
The Mild Mr. Rusk –
Alex Campbell 13

BOOKS – Reviews by Murray Kempton;
Benjamin Schwartz; Marquis W.
Childs; Gertrude Himmelfarb;
Stanley Kauffmann; John Kenneth
Galbraith 17-30
Three Poems by Robert Graves 21
Television by Albert Goldman 31
Theater by Robert Brustein 34
Art by Frank Getlein 36
Correspondence 38

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What Is Due the UN

The controversy over Soviet refusal to pay its share of UN peace-keeping expenses raises fundamental questions about the role of the world organization. To satisfy what the US believes are the legal requirements, the Soviet Union need not pay the UN the entire \$52 million which it owes, but only enough (\$9 million) so that it is not more than two years in arrears. The current argument thus turns not so much on ability to pay, as on whether a majority of member states can and will compel all members to help subsidize police actions with which one or more of the major powers is not in sympathy.

Enlightened internationalists in this country have long been disposed to regard the UN as a harbinger, if not the embodiment, of a "world of law." To John Foster Dulles, as well as Adlai Stevenson, the UN has seemed to be not merely an instrumentality of consultation and economic cooperation, but a security force in its own right, capable of intervening when peace is threatened and restoring order. The order that has been restored – beginning in Korea – has, however, never been an order inimical to what the US considered to be in its own national interest. That happy coincidence may not recur, which is why it is time to re-examine what the United Nations today is not, as well as what it might become. It is not a super government, but a reflection of diverse and often colliding ambitions. It represents discord as well as common concern. UN police action in the future is not likely to be possible unless there is a compelling common interest, at least among the great powers; and that interest, so susceptible to fragmentation, will be even more difficult to forge when the Communist Chinese are accredited to the organization, as they surely will be.

Having challenged the Soviet Union to pay up or risk being shoved out of the General Assembly, the US now confronts the awful alternatives that the Russians will be asked to get out, or that they won't – and won't pay either. At first it was thought that when the General Assembly reconvenes this year for its annual fall meeting, or in extraordinary session before that, the Assembly President, Carlos Sosa Rodriguez of Venezuela, who steps down in September, would simply read the list of defaulting countries and announce that they would not be allowed to vote until they had paid at least a part of the arrears. This hope collapsed quickly when the Venezuelan let it be known that he would not make that ruling. His successor, who this year will be an African, will likewise take no such initiative. Within

the Assembly, now heavily peopled by Africans, Asians and Latin Americans made nervous by the prospect of what Soviet withdrawal would do to the UN, the US is in no position to command a majority for any flat ultimatum to the Russians – despite an advisory opinion by the World Court that peace-keeping costs are a legitimate expense of the organization, to be “borne by the members as apportioned by the General Assembly.” And no matter what procedure to enforce payment is used, a majority of the Assembly (57, if all states are present and voting) must concur. Article 18 of the Charter could be invoked, which provides that any loss of privilege by a member state can only be decided by a two-thirds vote of the Assembly; but a majority of the Assembly must so decide. Or a majority could rule that the relevant article is Article 19, which says that when a member state is two years in arrears, it shall not have a vote in the Assembly – unless the Assembly decides otherwise by a two-thirds vote. As matters now stand, there are few observers who believe that the US could muster more than 20 or at the most 30 votes (out of 113) for any proposal under either Article to deprive the Russians of their voting rights.

What is the Soviet contention? The Middle East UN force, the Russians claim, was sent there because Britain, France and Israel had been asked by the General Assembly to cease, desist and get out of Egypt. Why then, the Russians ask, should any countries other than those responsible for the aggression be obliged to underwrite the peace-keeping force? As for the Congo, the Russians say that when they refrained from vetoing the original Security Council resolution authorizing UN military intervention, they assumed that the ensuing UN action would be controlled by the Security Council. They do not believe it was. They allege that the operation was run by the Secretariat and the United States. “Since you Americans,” they say, “bought yourself a neat little *coup* in the Congo which led to our being thrown out, why do you now expect us to help pay for it?”

Since no member state really wants the Russians to withdraw from the UN, how is this payments dispute to be got around? Ambassador Stevenson has hinted that perhaps the Russians will not be pressed to pay anything more than the \$9 million, and thereafter, it is suggested, some new financing arrangement, including upgrading the responsibility of the five permanent members of the Security Council, could be worked out for future peace-keeping operations – if any. So far, the Russians have said no. Perhaps tomorrow they will say maybe. For if Mr. Khrushchev is not, as the Chinese Communists charged last week, “the greatest capitulator in history,” he knows what the UN means to a great many others who mean something to him.

Off-Course Planes

Because of the Alice-In-Wonderland semantics used in Intelligence activities, where a heated denial usually means a tacit admission, some of us may have shared the suspicion of the Communists that the recent RB-66 penetration of East German borders was intentional. There seemed to be some basis for that suspicion since the plane was designed to perform tactical electronic and photographic reconnaissance and carried equipment for such missions when it was downed.

Yet there is considerable circumstantial evidence to support the US government’s contention that the border penetration was unintentional and probably resulted from a navigation error. It is not generally known, but almost a year ago the Air Force issued a warning to its operations people that some models of its Tacan navigation equipment could malfunction without warning and give a false bearing which was in error by 40 degrees. Such Tacan equipment is widely used in West Europe and presumably was installed aboard the RB-66.

The plane may well have been on a mission to measure the electronic characteristics of radar and radio equipment being used in Communist military maneuvers in the area where the aircraft was shot down. Sometimes to bait the other side into turning on hidden radars or changing their characteristics to a “hot war” configuration, aircraft will make a feint toward the border as if they intended to penetrate, turning back at the last minute. Both sides employ this tactic. Two Soviet aircraft probing US Arctic radar defenses several years ago overflew the Alaska mainland before being turned back by interceptors who merely flew alongside without firing at the Soviet intruders.

But because radio and radar signals travel at least several hundred miles, it is not necessary to cross into East Germany to measure their characteristics; this can be done safely, in most cases, from West Germany. The objective in seeking such electronic intelligence is to determine areas where radar coverage is solid or skimpy, and also to use such information to develop equipment which can jam and disrupt radar and radio in the event of a shooting war.

It seems implausible that the downed RB-66 was on a photographic mission. To obtain aerial photographs does require that an aircraft fly almost directly over the target of interest; but where the U-2 was designed to fly at an altitude of 70,000 feet which kept it above the reach of interceptors and missiles in the Soviet arsenal in the mid and late-1950’s, the RB-66 flies no faster than the U-2 and at only half its altitude, making it an easy interceptor target. To dispatch a single RB-66 on an intentional photo reconnaissance flight over borders as heavily guarded as those of East Germany is to send it on essentially a suicide mission with little

hope of being able to bring back the intelligence photos sought. It would be far better to send even an aging U-2. Also, if the RB-66 had been sent over East Germany on a photographic mission, prudence would have dictated that electronic intelligence gathering equipment be removed to prevent such secret equipment from falling into Communist hands, which was not done according to Communist reports.

The complex electronic equipment used in modern aircraft should seem to preclude navigation errors. But the tragic mid-air collision several years ago over Staten Island, N.Y., resulted from a 15-mile navigation error by the crew of the jetliner, despite its latest electronic aids. And less than two months before the RB-66 incident, the Communists shot down a small T-39 jet trainer, killing its crew of three Air Force officers, which penetrated East German borders, also by accident.

It is time that the Air Force devised and implemented very much tighter controls on its tactical aircraft in West Europe. Judging from USAF Chief of Staff Curtis LeMay's recent visit to West Germany, President Johnson shares this view. When President Kennedy took office, he and his top aides were shocked to learn how loose were the strings which tied hundreds of tactical nuclear warheads in West Europe to the Presidential authority which should control their use. Recognizing that a single nuclear weapon exploded by accident could precipitate World War III, the Administration took vigorous steps to strengthen the authorized control. Even before this, the Strategic Air Command had established procedures which are as foolproof as human ingenuity can make them to prevent an accidental attack by our *strategic* forces, largely based in the US.

Don't Go Near the Water

The US Public Health Service is suggesting that no one knew what killed millions of fish along the lower Mississippi during the past four years until its scientists discovered minute quantities of Endrin, a highly potent pesticide, in eight catfish last month. Actually, the Louisiana Wild Life and Fisheries Commission said six years ago that Endrin was killing large quantities of fish; its 1958-59 annual report reads in part: "... During the 1959 growing season these kills reached alarming proportions with complaints being received by the Division of Water Pollution on an almost daily basis."

Kenneth E. Biglane, then chief of the state Water Pollution Control Division and now employed by the US Public Health Service Water Pollution Division in Washington, remembers that his inspectors would observe low flying planes spreading Endrin over the sugar cane to protect it from cane borers during the late summer. If it rained shortly thereafter, large quantities of

dead fish would begin to appear in neighboring water. Mr. Biglane tried to get Louisiana to take some action to restrict spraying, but he was overruled since he did not have "scientific" evidence.

What is very much on everyone's mind at the Department of Health, Education and Welfare is Endrin's toxic effect on humans. The pesticide now has been found in drinking water supplies of towns and cities, including New Orleans, along the lower Mississippi. Yet the Public Health Service says, "levels [of pesticides] found in the lower Mississippi Basin do not present any immediate health problems." The Food and Drug Administration, on the other hand, which sets tolerance levels for these chemicals, states that no trace of Endrin at all can be tolerated in drinking water.

The proper action for the federal government in this case is for the Public Health Service to move into Louisiana under the enforcement provisions of the federal water pollution control act and begin proceedings which may result in taking Endrin off the market or restricting its use. This is what the enforcement people are trying to persuade the Public Health Service doctors to let them do. But as usual the Health Service wants to go slow and not tread on any bureaucratic toes. One disgusted official at HEW recalls that a Public Health Service scientist said he was not eager to move fast in Louisiana because it "would destroy state relations and dry up future research." And there is good reason for him to feel this way because people are going to want to know just why it is that both federal and state health officers have sat on their hands for six years, why the Agriculture Department, which is to hold hearings on Endrin this week, has permitted the widespread use of the pesticide when its injurious effects to humans has been widely known, and why the health officials now are claiming there is no immediate danger to human life when the regulations under which they work quite plainly say there is. Perhaps this business will jog the House Public Works Committee into getting the water pollution reorganization bill out and onto the floor. It has mulled it for months even though the Senate passed the bill by a wide margin.

Brazil and Chile

With distressing near-unanimity, US press and television last week described President Goulart of Brazil as a "leftist." The description is not inaccurate; it merely fails to tell the story. Goulart by all accounts is a feckless man to whom elementary accountancy remains a stubborn mystery and whose polite promises to do something effective about his country's rampant inflation, after which he did nothing whatever, almost drove Washington mad. Nevertheless it is not for this

that the armed forces of Brazil rose against him. The military and the upper classes of Brazil have consistently stood by two principles: they have demanded that the inflation which is so good for profits should not be halted; and they have adamantly refused to consider any serious land or other reforms. Goulart weakly went along with them as regards the inflation. His crime was to seek the support of the poor by suggesting that votes should be given to the voteless, and by talking of giving land to the landless. This caused a number of left-wing parties to rally to him, including the Communists despite current squabbles in their own ranks.

But the real problem for Washington is not Goulart; it is the evident fact that the biggest, richest and most advanced country in Latin America will be on the edge of revolution and civil war as long as the reforms that Goulart talked about are not carried out. And the chances of their being seriously attempted by the current coalition of anti-Goulart forces do not appear very bright. It is said that these elements include well-intentioned liberals as well as orthodox conservatives and reactionary rightists. If so, their evident dread of what Goulart was going to do next ought to be at least matched by their determination that as much zeal be applied to the task of reforms as to trying to oust Goulart. As a small instance, they might insist that the rich actually pay taxes; and might even agree to some industries being nationalized. Of course, if they do

display such determination, they had better be prepared to be branded as "leftists," by the boilerplate parts of the American press and by some boilerplate minds in the State Department, as well as by most of the better-heeled Brazilians in and out of uniform.

American opinion tends to criticize Latin American governments for lagging behind with reforms until there seems to be an imminent danger that reforms may actually be instituted, at which point everyone takes fright, dives under the bed, and from this safe but ignoble retreat shouts "leftist!" This must stop. The only question left in Latin America is whether reforms, such as the state taking over unused farmlands and distributing them among starving peasants, are going to be achieved peacefully or lost in a welter of violence or chaos. The longer the reforms are put off, the more likely is it to be the latter. This year Chile is to have an election a little before the one in the US. The Chile election is likely to be won by a coalition of parties, called FRAP, that includes Communists and is led by a Chilean Senator, Dr. Salvador Allende, who like the early Castro is a physician and a socialist, but denies he is a Communist. Dr. Allende's only serious opponent is a Christian Democrat who also demands sweeping reforms. Is American opinion going to emerge from under the bed after Brazil only to leap back under it because of Chile? Will Dr. Allende, if he wins, be turned into another Castro by US stiffness?

Surprises in the Primaries

CALIFORNIA: Democratic Division

Colonel John Glenn's unexpected withdrawal as a candidate for the US Senate means that the power of personal publicity at the polls will not be tested in Ohio this year. But thanks to Pierre Salinger, the test *will* be run in California.

The former White House press secretary obviously falls far below the space hero in the glamor ratings. Salinger, however, has received enough national "exposure" for a part of the public to recognize his name, his face, his shape and his cigar, and to identify him with the White House and the Kennedys. That apparently is what Salinger is relying on to win him the California Democratic Senatorial nomination. That and a claim that won the Senate seat from Massachusetts for young Ted Kennedy in 1962: "I am the candidate who can do the most for this state in Washington, *at once*"—through connections and experience gathered as a member of the Kennedy team. There is no evidence

that Salinger's surprise decision to run grew out of a difference on issues between him and the two leading candidates—all three favor the New Frontier and a Better Deal. He expresses admiration for incumbent Senator Clare Engle's record, and, a week after he had announced, Salinger told a television interviewer that he had "not had an opportunity to find out what [State Controller] Alan Cranston stands for."

Under the circumstances, Salinger's last-minute entry, only hours before the filing deadline, rocked the Democratic organization and ended a brief period of quasi-harmony in the party.

California Democrats have recently suffered through hectic months of uncertainty as to whether popular Senator Engle would recover sufficiently from brain surgery to stage an effective campaign for re-election. Having satisfied themselves that Engle could not do so, many party leaders, including Governor Pat Brown, turned to Alan Cranston as second choice. Cranston was president of the liberal California Democratic

Council before being elected State Controller, and was re-elected in 1962 by the largest majority for statewide office in California history. The only strong potential opponent to Cranston, Attorney General Stanley Mosk, decided, for personal reasons, not to contest the nomination. Democrats were enjoying unaccustomed peace, when in came Salinger.

The discommoded candidates and managers are suspicious and resentful of "plucky Pierre," as Washington calls him. Cranston and his supporters charge that he was put into the race by the ambitious Speaker of the House, Jesse Unruh, who was the Kennedy organization favorite in California, as a ploy in a continuing Unruh-Brown struggle for control of the state Democratic Party. Gossips spread the story that Pierre's sudden return to the state of his birth is part of a supposed Bobby Kennedy power play for national party control. Brown men at first feared that LBJ might be a party to the Salinger move.

None of these conspiratorial views of the recent happenings seems supported by fact. President Johnson had no desire to confuse his supporters in California by creating a costly primary fight. Speaker Unruh says convincingly that he did not instigate Salinger's running, although he might have if he had thought of the possibility. Attorney General Stanley Mosk did urge Salinger to run after he himself had decided that he could not, and promised help in raising the large treasury required. There is no sign that Attorney General Kennedy put Salinger up to running either, and every reason to believe that he would not so openly court Presidential disfavor.

All the evidence bears out Salinger's explanation that he drafted himself. Now that he has done so, however, a conglomerate California Democratic Party will inevitably polarize itself along the lines of the Brown-Unruh division. Having endorsed Cranston, Governor Brown will lose face if Cranston loses. Being identified in the public mind with Salinger, Unruh and Kennedy stand to gain if Salinger wins, whether or not they give him open endorsement. President Johnson and his unnamed running-mate stand to lose if the June 2 primary proves so expensive and bitter that it leaves his party too weak to carry California in the November elections.

ILLINOIS: GOP Civil War

The primary here on April 14 will not match New Hampshire's in drama or its impact on the Republican Presidential nomination, but it may decide where Illinois' block of electoral votes will go in November. Illinois went for Kennedy by less than 9,000 out of more than 4.7 million votes in 1960. Republicans

claimed the election had been stolen and vowed the state's 27 electoral votes would go the other way this year. The chance of that happening has now been reduced considerably by the outbreak of an unexpected civil war within the GOP.

Until two months ago the party had built its plans around a bid for governor by the Secretary of State, Charles F. Carpentier. A seasoned and successful campaigner, Carpentier had constructed a powerful organization with the patronage of his office, which oversees auto registration and licensing, elections and a host of other important functions.

Carpentier had two opponents for the nomination. One was Charles Percy, a young man who worked his way through college and became president of Bell & Howell at the age of 29. He was chairman of the platform committee at the Republican National Convention in 1960 but has never held a major elective office. Percy was politely ignored by party professionals as he campaigned through the summer and fall, hustling with his handsome and sophisticated family from one dusty county fair to another. The Percys traveled in a chartered bus called the "Chuckwagon" and with a school-boy jazz band to draw crowds.

Carpentier's other rival was Hayes Robertson, Republican county chairman in the Chicago area, who offered to get out of the race entirely if either Percy or Carpentier would swear by Barry Goldwater. Neither would, though both said they liked him.

Against such opposition, Carpentier's nomination was certain. The pros were only waiting to get on with the real task: chopping down Democratic Governor Otto Kerner. Then, late in January, Carpentier went to the hospital with a heart attack. Republicans were thunderstruck. Left with a powerful machine but no driver, Carpentier's lieutenants rushed over the state interviewing prospective candidates. The deadline for filing was at hand. Only Percy was organized enough to take advantage of the situation. Before his opponents could gather their wits about them, Percy had secured Carpentier's blessing — allegedly by promising to consult him on some state appointments if elected.

At the last moment the anti-Percy Republicans managed to field a candidate, State Treasurer William Scott, an ambitious young man who won office in 1962 against a mild Democratic tide. Scott's backing comes from three groups: the Goldwater-at-any price faction which regards Percy as an Easterner and believes he is secretly liberal; some Northern Illinois Republicans who would like to wrest power from Downstaters like Carpentier; and a personal following Scott built during his campaign and enlarged by the economy drive he has waged as State Treasurer.

On the surface, Carpentier's backing should swing the nomination to Percy, but the Secretary remains in

the hospital and his subordinates may be unable to marshal all the troops. It has come down to a race against time: Percy trying to hold his alliance together until primary day; his enemies trying to stampede the soldiers before the battle by reminding them that Percy can always go back to being rich. At stake may be control of the Illinois party for years to come, win or lose in November, and it is an honored maxim that courthouse politicians would rather lose with a trusted pro than win with an uncontrollable amateur.

Most Democrats believe Percy could make a stronger race against Kerner than Scott could. The Governor has several solid accomplishments to his credit but he

has not fired the imagination of most voters. He is unopposed in the primary – rumors that Sargent Shriver might be sent home to replace him have evaporated – and the GOP's internecine battle has improved his chances considerably.

As for the Presidential preference vote, only Senators Smith and Goldwater are on the ballot. Neither has given Illinois the New Hampshire treatment, which is probably just as well for both. Write-in movements for Lodge and Nixon did not get beyond the talking stage. Goldwater will almost certainly collect Illinois' convention delegates, if only because party leaders want a solid bargaining position at the convention.

The Case of the Smoked Mink

The other day, with the best of good will toward the Advisory Committee to the Surgeon-General of the Public Health Service, I slipped a bookmark between pages 232-233 in my volume of "Smoking and Health" and began to riffle through a magazine in search of some light reading. Before you could say "knife" I ran into a cigarette advertisement with a new dividend coupon gimmick – new for this brand, anyhow. It offered a certificate for 100 "starter" coupons to the person sending in his name and address for the gift book. The convert would then receive one coupon for every package bought singly, with a bonus of four if bought by the carton.

This was a soporific piece of news except for one small item: anybody who buys this brand from now on is a potential possessor of an Autumn Haze Mink Stole in return for 47,185 coupons. Repeat – 47,185.

Any fellow who has ever eavesdropped at any length on feminine conversation must admit that a mink stole is, next to a full-length coat of the same stuff, the ineffable utterness of appreciated, if not spoiled, wifehood. Any husband who would deny his wife such a tribute is an unredeemed oaf.

There may be those who would nip this project in the bud by talking about cost. This can be disposed of in a jiffy. Given the 100 starting coupons, and assuming that the current price per carton will remain as free from taxes as it is now, the accumulation of 47,185 coupons could be achieved by an expenditure of \$8,830.69. In relation to the time this would take, the pennies slipping through the fingers would be practically invisible.

Consider, for example, a young husband whose wife (1) in his opinion deserves a mink stole but (2) doesn't happen to smoke. This throws the entire burden on

him. Being moderate and aware of his health but not too sure of his will-power, he buys and smokes one package a day. He has accepted his 100 starter coupons but spurns the cartons because he doesn't want the temptation of all those extra cigarettes lying around.

While his young wife waits (knowingly or not) for her mink stole, she can become the mother of his children, the grandmother of his grandchildren, the great-grandmother of his great-grandchildren, and the subject of a beautiful epitaph. Thanks to those 100 starting coupons, the accumulation would take only 129 years, to the day. If he hadn't been so minchy as to spurn the cartons, he could have shortened the time to 92 years and 94.9 days.

At the other extreme, let us observe an optimist who thinks he could garner those coupons in one year. Allowing all the extra coupons, he'd have to smoke 92.26 packages a day. Even the most rabid insomniac chain-smoker, killing 12 cigarettes per hour for 18 hours, can only run through 10.8 packages, and few have done this without palpitations and loss of appetite. No – the optimist would never make it, alive or dead.

If we consider a husband who indulges in long-range thinking, he could set a 10-year target and hit a lower score than our hypothetical chain-smoker, but not much: his daily quota would be 9.23 packages. This could of course be cut in half if his wife happened to smoke, and they could prance along together for 10 years on only 4.615 packages per day each.

Somewhere among us there must be a few schemers who would join a cooperative plan. A jolly group of 100 or more smokers, each armed with his starting coupons and pledged to buy by the carton, could produce the 47,185 in a year or even less – but for whom?

VICTOR HILL

FOREIGN REPORTS

GREAT BRITAIN: *Poll Fever*

★ With only seven months to go before the last possible date for the British general election, both parties are scrutinizing the opinion polls for any sign of a recovery in Conservative fortunes. After a small and slow improvement at the end of last year the government seems to be falling back again. Of the two reputable organizations, National Opinion Polls, which takes a sample of 2,000 every month, has shown Labour with a steady lead of 7.5 percent, plus or minus one percent since last October. The Gallup Poll, with a weekly sampling of 1,000, despite occasional wild fluctuations at present gives Labour a lead of 12 percent. (A 7.5 percent lead would give Labour a parliamentary majority of about 100 seats—equivalent to the Conservative majority at the moment.)

As usual, there is inconclusive evidence on the reasons why people intend to vote as they say, but some of the polls provide interesting clues. Although the Conservatives have given the highest priority to selling their new leader, Sir Alec Douglas-Home, he is less popular now than he was when he took office, and far less admired than Harold Wilson. Moreover, his attempt to win votes by concentrating on the independent British nuclear deterrent seems to have misfired. A poll taken in January, before the major Conservative campaign about the H-bomb, showed that only 1.9 percent thought this was the most important issue; 24.2 percent thought it was the least important.

Meanwhile, attention has swung away from defense and foreign policy to the split inside the Conservative Party over the government's bill to end retail price-fixing. Mr. Heath, president of the Board of Trade, had introduced this measure in hopes it could be slipped through Parliament rapidly and thus show the voters just how modern the Tories really are. But the consumers are not organized, the shopkeepers are quite content to let manufacturers dictate retail prices, and as a result the whole thing has backfired. For the first time since Neville Chamberlain in 1940, 20 Conservatives voted against their own government and another 50 abstained.

There is criticism of Home because he let Heath, and Mr. Mauding, Chancellor of the Exchequer, force the bill through the Cabinet and then Home himself failed to turn up for the crucial vote in Parliament. The shopkeepers, who voted heavily Conservative in the last election, now indicate they will not do so. Salt will be rubbed in the party's wounds by slow passage of the bill through its committee stage, where the Tory rebels will fight it clause by clause. To top it off,

Maudling warned the country that he would have to increase taxes in the April budget. So no one any longer thinks of a General Election much before June, and there is increasing support for the idea that in desperation the government may now wait until the last possible moment in October.

INDIA: *Hindu-Moslem Killings*

★ The leaders of India, especially Nehru, expected to resolve Hindu-Moslem differences. Events so far have shown this to be tragic wishful thinking. The sub-continent has a 50-year history of massacres of one religious community by another, not to speak of the earlier wars between Moslem and Hindu. After the orgies that accompanied the partition of 1947, each side outdoing the other in barbarity, it was hoped things would settle down. But trouble began again 10 years ago. The slightest tremor in one place became an earthquake in another. Scores more thousands of Moslems and Hindus were driven across the frontiers of India and Pakistan. The refugees, their morale shaken, planted unrest wherever they settled. Many Hindus in India did not regard the Moslems as co-citizens, as the government's secularism bade them to, but as some kind of an extension of Pakistan into India; and in the latest killings of Hindus in East Pakistan, the dead have been estimated at 1,000 in and around Dacca alone. Retaliatory killings of Moslems occurred in four states in Eastern India until Indian troops stamped out rioting.

More than 170,000 Hindu refugees have entered India from East Pakistan in the past two months. About 3,000 are arriving daily. As many as three million may come. Riots break out and Moslems are killed wherever Hindu refugee convoys rest. Nearly 200 people are officially admitted to have been killed in a week in three of the Eastern Indian states, and 200 in Calcutta; the actual number is probably larger. Other industrial cities like Jamshedpur and Rourkela have also been engulfed.

The five million non-Moslems who came to India from West Pakistan at the time of the partition were productive and had room to settle because an equal number of Moslems in India had been driven from their homes. But now 12 times more Hindus arrive than Moslems depart. The economic squeeze tightens and sets up a demand to make room for the Hindus by getting rid of the Moslems. There are five times as many Moslems in India as there are Hindus in East Pakistan. Much wiser than an enforced exodus would be a resort to humanity. But humanity is a bankrupt value both in India and Pakistan where religious feelings are concerned.

A Child's Question

by Robert Coles

Ruby, who is now nine years old, came into this world in a sharecropper's cabin at the hands of a cousin who in the words of the child's mother "knew about children getting born." She was a warmly-welcomed first child. Her father, in his early twenties, had just returned from the Korean War, where for saving a white man's life he received a Purple Heart. Her mother was 19 when she married, and the same age when she became a mother. The parents had known each other as children; they grew up together in a sleepy Mississippi town whose existence was confirmed only by several stores, a post office and one gas station. Their families had worked the rich alluvial soil of the Delta, picking its cotton for generations.

"Farm work is all I knew before I got into the Army," said Ruby's father. He barely knew how to read and write, had attended school only cursorily until 12. In the Army he learned how to repair automobile engines, and none too soon. On his return home he married and started a family, but was quickly confronted with the joblessness of a shrinking rural economy. Some of his brothers took to the nomadic if familiar life of migratory agriculture. Because of his mechanical skills he alone could choose New Orleans ("I figured I knew how to make cars work, so I could take on the city").

The young couple brought their baby daughter of six months to the city, and soon were settled in its western industrial slums, an area whose worn shacks on unpaved streets seemed ironically impressive to two people whose rural homes are hardly more than primitive cabins. "I got a good job in a station through a cousin, and we just lived along real quiet like" was the way the father summarized their lives before the crisis of school desegregation. By then, the year 1960, they had two more girls and one son, and Ruby's mother was expecting a fifth child.

Why did these parents consent to let their children face the ugliness and danger that occurred in New Orleans – a kind of jeopardy known by other Negro children in other Southern cities? Ruby's mother at first replied tersely, "We just did." She had no burning ideological zeal, no secret desire for prominence or profit. They had never expected the trouble they met. Had they, they would never have agreed. Her father once said, "We agreed to sign for Ruby to go to the white school because we thought it was for all the colored to do, and we never thought Ruby would be

alone. . . . We thought she'd be going with hundreds of them."

The grim historical facts of the kinds of pressures brought to bear upon this child of six when she started school are a matter of public record. Riots greeted her arrival there, and a boycott followed her entrance. Daily crowds, abusive and taunting, hailed her for months. For a long while she had a classroom and teacher to herself. At one point there were only four fellow students, so nearly complete was the white boycott on her account.

I first saw Ruby when she was in the midst of her worst time in the first grade, and I last saw her after she had been promoted to the fourth. During those years she emerged from anonymity to international notoriety, then slowly saw her fame disappear, so that in one of our last visits she could talk about my departure this way: "I told my daddy I miss the people from before that came. . . . Are you coming here for my promotion next year, too?"

What she missed was the excitement and attention she had received, or at least now she could look back upon both as pleasant. She had never been "sick," no matter how lamentable some of her experiences, but she had become frightened and anxious, and she had suffered private worries unknown to the world which watched her on television and saw her in the papers. Despite the noise and disorder outside, her work in school was good, and her attendance regular. For a while it was her parents who were tested hardest. Her father lost his job, and he and his wife feared for their lives. Their families in Mississippi were afraid of lynching. Yet they were strong and stubborn people – to be alive is an achievement when one grows up in the unspeakable poverty and toil that had been their lot. They managed. The father obtained a new job, not from a white man this time. Neighbors rallied round them, guarded their home. They drew close to their children, but not anxiously so.

Ruby slept well, studied well at school, played regularly after school, and developed only one symptom, a puzzling one for her parents who ate hungrily and heartily if not healthily. One day at the height of the tension her mother described it for me this way: "She doesn't eat the way she used to. Ruby was always a good eater. Now she stays clear of a lot of foods and she won't eat unless we all eat with her." They assumed

she lost a bit of her appetite because of the strain she faced, and in a general sense they were correct. Ruby for a while had to eat alone at school, and she had been leaving her lunches untouched, hiding them in various spots of the near empty building. When she joined her few white schoolmates at lunch she ate hesitantly.

On several visits I asked Ruby about her appetite, and she replied that it was "good" or "pretty good." (Her mother had been particularly worried—"I went and got her some vitamin pills today to keep her healthy.") After I'd inquired she was silent for a few seconds, then looked at her doll house. I asked whether she wanted to play with it. She nodded with obvious relief and enthusiasm. We began. We were arranging the house's furniture when I asked how her school work was coming along. She replied "OK" then volunteered that "they're still there." They were, I knew that, and still pretty nasty. "They tells me I'm going to die, and that it'll be soon. And that one lady tells me every morning I'm getting poisoned soon, when she can fix it." She paused a moment, then added, "Is it *only* my skin?" I wasn't sure what she meant. I asked, "Is *what* only your skin, Ruby?" She would not answer. She picked up her teacups and asked me whether I wanted some tea. I said "Yes," and we made some. While brewing it we talked about the kinds of cookies we'd have with it, and then she volunteered that her sisters consumed large numbers of cookies each day, but not she. I had known her long enough to recall her sweet tooth on earlier visits, and its indulgence in the very chocolate cookies ("Oleos") she now steadfastly refused.

The girl was largely rejecting freshly-prepared food and favoring packaged and processed food, especially potato chips and cokes. She had always been drawn to fried and mashed potatoes, pork chops, cookies and ice cream; now she would have none of them. She was reluctant with peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, once her favorite. She shunned greens even though she formerly never minded them.

Anyone who cared to "hear" could learn what this girl was told every day as she approached school. "You little nigger, we'll get you and kill you" were commonplaces. Some of the language is unprintable. But one comment is both printable and important. Spoken in a high-pitched, but determined voice, its words were always the same: "We're going to poison you until you choke to death." Its speaker was always the same. Ruby came with federal marshals at first and with her mother later, and would invariably march

rather firmly and stolidly right into the building. She rarely looked at her accusers, though even the slightest of hurried, backward glances over her shoulder sent them into excited pitches of slander.

Those backward glances I was to learn in later months were specifically directed and significant. Ruby had been told to ignore the crowd, and she told me for some time that she did: "I pays no attention to them. I just goes in." But she *was* paying attention to the lady who threatened her death by poisoning and choking. She had asked her mother whether that lady owned a variety store near her home, the same variety store, white-owned, which had refused to sell Ruby's mother food when the trouble about school desegregation first started. (They lived in a racially-integrated section; ironically typical of many old Southern cities.) Of course the lady did not own the store.

Her mother said: "She keeps on asking me 'Is it only my skin?' and I tells her that if she was white there'd be no crowds there. Then she'll ask if we'll all die if they gets poison to our food, and I tells her that's foolishness. . . . I tells her nobody's going to get our food like that, but I can see she don't believe me all the way."

Her Doll House Knew

What Ruby meant when she asked "Is it only my skin" of her family, and of me in our talks and play, was that she comprehended her exposure to harassment and wondered what its causes were. There are restrictions and penalties which her racial condition exacts; she knows that, has been taught them. No, she cannot go here or sit there. No, her race's people do not ordinarily appear on television programs or in movies. Yes, she would probably never finish school, because money is short, expenses high, her family large, and opportunities in very small supply. Yes, most of her race are poor, and menially worked. Ruby drew white children strong and able-bodied; Negroes undersized and even stunted. Her doll house knew the facts of Ruby's future life, who was always mistress and who had to be servant.

Once Ruby told me she had been punished that day for striking her sister hard enough to fell her. Her mother had lost her temper and punished her with a "good" whipping. Ruby told me that her mother had said words to this effect: "We're letting you off easy and often these days, because we know you're under a strain at school; but there are limits." I asked her mother later what had happened and her words were: "Ruby has always got on bad with Melinda [11 months her junior]. She bosses all the children too much and they gets angry; so I have to punish her—even now when I know she's getting it bad at school . . . but two

ROBERT COLES is a psychiatrist who works in the South. The story of "Ruby" was incorporated in a scientific paper Dr. Coles delivered March 19 at the annual meeting of the American Orthopsychiatric Association.

bad won't make Ruby a good girl." Ruby, then, was learning to be a good girl, a rather conventional task for one of her age. Were it not for the intersection of her childhood with a moment of our country's history, we would hardly be discussing her difficulties at school or with her family.

As a girl of six she was fast learning the rights and wrongs of her world, shaping her conscience to reflect what her family urged. The crisis of school desegregation became involved in this development, its perils and punishments fitting in with her prior guilts. Her mother had threatened her often with no supper if she persisted in wrongdoing — hitting her sister too hard, failing to obey a command or request. Now segregationist mobs were telling her she might be hurt, poisoned and killed.

Small wonder that this girl would develop a temporary symptom, and ask her question so often, with all its indications of fearful guilt stimulated by a racial conflict but related to her life with her family. Small wonder, also, that with slow improvement in the desegregation crisis and continued maturing on Ruby's part, she is now a normal, even lusty eater. "Lord, she eats the table up now," was her mother's latest report to me. Ruby is now nine, and her school quietly, fully attended on a desegregated basis.

Fears and Hates Negroes

Attending that school today is the child of a woman who once vowed the contrary for not only her own child but for all other white children. She withdrew her boy from the third grade when Ruby entered the school, and he went without schooling the rest of that year. The following year he attended a private school, specifically if abruptly and furiously organized for the white children "dispossessed" by the Negro child. The next year the boy's mother bowed to the inevitable. To abide by her principles would cost more money than she could afford. The public school was a better school, a nearer school, a free school, and now hardly boycotted. Her boy wanted to go back there. She agreed, saying, "There's only a few of them in our schools now, anyway. The real ruin will be for the next generation, when they flood us unless we get them North."

There is no question that this woman fears and hates Negroes. She is a poor woman, now in her very late thirties, with little education (eighth grade) and perhaps too many children as well as a wayward, fickle, heavy-drinking husband. Most of all she is tired: "I have enough to do just to keep going and keep us alive without niggers coming around . . . they're lower than our dog in behavior. At least he knows his place and I can keep him clean. You can't ever do that with them . . . they're dirty, and have you ever seen the food they eat? They eat pig food, and they eat it just like them."

When she is weary, she becomes surly, and underneath it all very sad and frightened. She is struggling to manage herself and her large family in the face of poverty, ignorance, social isolation (like Ruby's family, hers are on a farm in nearby Mississippi) and her virtual abandonment by her occasionally employed husband. She herself is an obese woman, plucking candy from cheap assortments during every visit I made. Her children are as old as 19 and young as four, and they number five. Her husband drinks in fits, followed by pious sobriety. He will sneer at "niggers," then shrug his shoulders and sit back, saying nothing, or very little else.

When I asked the wife why she joined the mob, she replied with conventional hatred for Negroes, not unlike that I've heard from those who have never joined mobs. She was undoubtedly influenced by the attitude of her city, its hesitant police and politicians; that is, by the fact that there *was* a mob.

As for her choice of threats for Ruby, they surely bear some relationship to her own problems. She, who ate chocolates so passionately, who was so lonely herself, would poison a chocolate brown, lonely girl. The need for such public scapegoating could not be more clear. Yet, the history of her life shows that for her, unlike for some I've seen, it is no compulsion. Deprived of the outlet of the mob, she goes on, her family goes on, strained, tense at times, but law-abiding.

In a sense the chocolates Ruby came to shun and the chocolates one of her hecklers craved were a symbolic link joining their fears. Ruby once told me I should take vanilla cookies because I was white. I have often heard Negro children and adults similarly attach importance to the white or brown color of food, clothes, even furniture. Ruby at the height of her difficulties was all *too* Negro.

For several years I have watched Negro children like Ruby, and the most painful moments have not been the ones most painful to us as we watch our television screens or read our newspapers. Those mobs are cruel, and "our" police in certain cities, North and South, sometimes careless or hurtful. But far more terrible and damaging is the daily, "normal" emotional development of the ordinary child, white and Negro alike, in a segregated society. Those are the moments really painful to experience — seeing young children of five draw and play what they already know, what they have already learned about themselves, their present worth and future lot. Children are punished, scolded, or praised so that from their first moments at school to their last moments on this earth they will obey laws and customs directed at their denial as citizens, as human beings. And, of course, the white child who has to find — who is taught — his value at the expense of another's skin is as much denied as Ruby.

The Mild Mr. Rusk

You Don't Fight a Storm, You Ride It Out

by Alex Campbell

Amid current speculation about who will be President Johnson's Secretary of State, there is a tendency to overlook the fact that the post is already filled. This probably is because the present incumbent, Dean Rusk, is one of the most unobtrusive fellows ever to have held the office. In a recent issue of the satirical television program, *That Was The Week That Was*, a member of the cast quipped: "All evidence to the contrary, we do have a Secretary of State"; and an excitable ex-colleague of Mr. Rusk has waspishly called him a figment of the late President Kennedy's imagination. There is a general expectation that Mr. Johnson will want to make a change, if not before November, then not later than January, 1965; and rumor has set revolving, around the chair that Mr. Rusk all but invisibly occupies, a troupe of potential Secretaries of State that includes four Macs, a Senator and an Undersecretary. The four Macs are Secretary of Defense McNamara; the head of the Central Intelligence Agency, John McCone; the Special Presidential Assistant for National Security Affairs, McGeorge Bundy; and George McGhee, our Ambassador to Bonn. The Senator is the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, William Fulbright, and the Undersecretary is George W. Ball, who is one of Mr. Rusk's two alter egos, the other being Averell Harriman.

President Johnson is partly to blame for the fact that there are rumors afoot, even though he is scarcely to be held responsible for their half-dozen specific embodiments. Since he entered the White House, he probably has talked more about foreign policy with Dean Rusk than with McGeorge Bundy. This preference does not surprise those who are aware of the care and solicitude with which the Secretary of State briefed Mr. Johnson for each of the Vice President's visits to foreign countries. Also, Mr. Johnson was born in a little house in Texas, and Mr. Rusk on a tenant-farm in Georgia; they are both in their mid-fifties and their respective ladders of success rise from soil, whereas Mr. Bundy is a thrusting intellectual in his forties. Unfortunately, Mr. Johnson since becoming President has done some other things less reassuring to Rusk. He brought back Thomas Mann as an Assistant

Secretary in the State Department, and also made him a Special Assistant to the President. Mann and Secretary of the Army Cyrus R. Vance were sent to Panama to deal with the situation as the President's men on the spot. McGeorge Bundy's younger brother, William P. Bundy, moved from the Pentagon, where he was Assistant Secretary for International Security Affairs, to the State Department as Assistant Secretary for Far Eastern Affairs. Senator Jackson, chairman of a Congressional committee on national security, has remarked that assistant secretaries should be assistants to the Secretary, not additions to the White House staff; and that the President should be careful not to ask other officers to handle independently tasks that fall within the jurisdiction of the Secretary.

Under the late President Kennedy, the White House and the loyal State Department would have denied that special Presidential assistants in the White House cut across the jurisdiction of the Secretary of State. They would affirm now that an assistant secretary in the State Department is primarily an assistant to the Secretary even if he also happens to be a special assistant to the President. The trouble is that nobody believed it then, and nobody is likely to believe it now either. The no doubt crude popular view of the matter is that Secretary Rusk got cut across by the McGeorge Bundys and the Dick Goodwins of the Kennedy White House, not to mention the assertive Mr. McNamara and the ubiquitous anonymities of the CIA; and that it does not really look as if he is faring much better at the hands of the Johnson White House. Mr. Johnson is a man who always has an eager palm held out for forceful, not too complex ideas. Rusk has ideas, but they are cautious rather than simple, and he does not push them forward. He is consequently thought to lack the leverage to hold his own with the hard-boiled eggs of the White House staff and the Pentagon, not to speak of the CIA and perhaps other government agencies. (Mr. Rusk told the Jackson committee of his concern that there were at least 44 agencies of government represented in the US Embassy in London.)

This may explain why it should be thought that Rusk is soon about to bow out of his difficult job. But

perhaps it is worth recalling that when Mr. Kennedy picked as his Secretary of State a former Assistant Secretary who had left the State Department to head the Rockefeller Foundation, it was predicted that Rusk's fragile authority would be severely crowded by men like Adlai Stevenson, Chester Bowles and even Mennen Williams: Rusk was the one important Kennedy appointee whom Kennedy did not know personally. Yet under Rusk, the State Department's affairs have been conducted by a seventh-floor triumvirate, but Rusk's alter egos have been none of those mentioned. It is Secretary Rusk's belief that the triumvirate can switch desks with one another at will, because the other two know what Rusk thinks and he knows that each of them will come up with about the same answers to problems as he would if he were doing their jobs himself. At the moment, George Ball is looking after Europe, Rusk is handling the Far East helped by William Bundy and William H. Sullivan, and Averell Harriman has been traveling in Africa. For a time, Harriman seemed to be handling Asia and Latin America as well as Africa, so that it might be argued that the advent of Mann and William Bundy were downward pointing arrows in the bureaucratic jungle for Undersecretary Harriman rather than for Secretary Rusk. In Europe, thanks to General de Gaulle, Ball's has been a less effective voice than either Ball or the late President hoped.

Indefatigable Lobbyist

As for the Secretary himself, whatever may be believed or disbelieved about his effectiveness, his quietness is scarcely to be equated with lack of activity. Rusk is, indeed, just about the most indefatigably persistent lobbyist in Washington. If he rarely has much to say at Cabinet or National Security Council meetings, it is generally because he has made his views known beforehand to all who count, beginning with the President. Regiments of Congressmen have unfolded napkins around Rusk's breakfast table, in order to be briefed by him on foreign policy, the way he briefed Vice President Johnson on foreign journeys. The breakfasts for Congressmen were devised by Rusk, a Rhodes scholar, as an American substitute for question-time in the British House of Commons, when the British Foreign Secretary is available to members of Parliament. Another Secretary of State, Dean Acheson, sometimes failed to hide contempt for Congressmen, as well as for some of the military. Dean Rusk is highly respectful of both. The Secretary of State must contend with a multitude of little Congresses; there are eight or nine Congressional committees that concern themselves with the work of the State Department and frequently squabble among themselves, crying "Fire

that man," or that the very same man is first-rate. "These tensions among the committees," Secretary Rusk has mildly observed, "make administration difficult, and sometimes impossible." The breakfasts are intended to try to smooth things out. But the day that begins with a ham-and-eggs briefing session may conclude with a formal banquet: Rusk and his wife, who was his student when he taught at Mills College in California, are tireless entertainers. The late John Foster Dulles scored legal points off countries; Rusk toasts them instead. In Washington, there are more than 100 ambassadors or heads of foreign missions. The Secretary dines them all. He also works 14-hour shifts from time to time in New York, talking with all delegates to the United Nations. A consequence is that he has become well acquainted with some world statesmen before they reached the top: for instance, the present Prime Minister of Great Britain. And he makes adroit use of his rural background. To Latin Americans, he describes life on a tenant-farm outside Atlanta, with schooling primitive and pellagra prevalent. "My state, too, was founded by refugees from the debtor prisons of England," he tells Australians.

Rusk looks like a quiet farmer — or, he himself often says, like a quiet neighborhood bar tender: bald, mild-eyed, round-faced and ruddy, with tonsured gray hair and a well-fed air. Nevertheless, in the Department itself he has the reputation of being a man with colleagues but no confidants. This is partly because, like many quiet Georgians, he seems secretive. The round, bland farmer's face conceals considerable complexity: Rusk is a subtle man. On the seventh floor of the new Department of State building, big double glass doors protect an inner sanctum of soft carpets, a softly ticking grandfather clock, leather furniture, marble and flags and brass eagles. Here the triumvirate work quietly, away from the phones and the teletypes. The Department holds daily communication with twice as many countries as it did in 1950, and the number is still growing. There were 6,200 State Department employees in Washington and abroad in 1941, now there are more than 24,000. Rusk sees but a handful of the 1,300 incoming and 1,000 outgoing daily cables. There is a "layering" problem: one of the incoming queries he glances at may take 10 days to go down through the layers and come back to him with a subordinate's solution for his formal approval. Rusk's answer to "layering" would be to have more chiefs and fewer Indians; making the indispensable desk officers the equals of ambassadors, and cutting out the superfluous flesh that lies between them and the muscle of the assistant secretaries. It is Rusk's view that the heart of the bureaucratic problem is not a struggle for power but avoidance of responsibility. He seems, however, to have overlooked that in the modern age the struggle for

power is not within but between bureaucracies.

The Department of Defense has grown at least as fast as the Department of State, as Rusk well knows. In 1941 he was assigned to G-2, military intelligence, and was put in charge of everything from Afghanistan through South Asia to Australia. He found that his working tools were a tourist handbook on India and Ceylon and a drawerful of clips from *The New York Times*. Nowadays, however, the State Department's 24,000 staff is only the skeleton crew of one of Columbus' ships compared to the Pentagon's towering \$50 billion budget. When he was an Assistant Secretary of Defense, William P. Bundy assured the anxious Jackson committee that the Pentagon held as "axiomatic" that on any major foreign policy issue the State Department was the President's senior adviser. Nevertheless, the State Department's Deputy Undersecretary U. Alexis Johnson reported that it ought not to be inferred that the State and Defense Departments have developed a fully satisfactory basis for their multiple and complex relationships. In less diplomatic terms, many State Department people regard Robert McNamara as a man who is not very sophisticated about foreign policy but who has an assertive habit of snatching the ball and being 100 yards away with it before anyone can try to stop him.

"Where There Is a Vacuum"

Rusk personally has very great respect for McNamara. It is his view that, from the day he became Secretary of State, he and McNamara established a rapport that has made everything fine and smooth between them. But the State Department has less warm regard for McNamara than Rusk himself claims to have. And unfortunately McNamara seems to have somewhat less admiration of Rusk than Rusk has of him: though this may be a Defense Department view of the Secretary rather than McNamara's personal view. Ironically, the Defense Department takes the same quizzical view of the State Department as Rusk did of it when he was in the Pentagon; he has said that at that time the State Department was not filling all the needs for guidance and leadership in policy, and that "where there is a vacuum, those who have to act one way or the other have to make policy." Rusk believes that the men in the Pentagon know the world and how things stand in it and what can and can't be done; he thinks the danger of a "military complex" has been exaggerated. He is agreeably ready to forgive his friend Bob McNamara the abrupt announcement of the decision to drop Skybolt, the weapon intended for the British, even though it was a diplomatic thunderclap, because McNamara had a problem and had to make a decision. Likewise, Rusk forgives McNamara

Operation Big Lift and the speech that killed the myth of Soviet armed hordes in Europe, although both unsettled the European allies. Power, according to Rusk, gravitates to the man who is willing to make judgments and decisions and live with the results. The Jackson committee wondered aloud if this might not mean everyone formally agreeing that the State Department must have the leading role in advising the President on foreign policy, but the Pentagon with its \$50 billion budget and its assertive Secretary in fact occupying the central position. The blunt truth seems to be that the influence of the State Department on the Pentagon was less under Dulles than under Acheson, and is less under Rusk than under Dulles; and that this works in reverse for the influence of the Pentagon over the State Department and foreign policy.

McNamara is said to have a computer brain. Rusk makes no such claim for himself, but seems to think a Secretary of State should have one, for how else can he be sure he has all the relevant political, economic, defense and security facts, and know as well the attitudes and reactions of some 113 governments to whatever solution of a problem is finally decided? Rusk is resigned about those complexities. When he was an assistant secretary he kept by him a "worry list": 20 or 30 trouble spots that might blow up. A check of the "worry list" after a year or so showed some places were worse and some had improved, regardless of what the State Department had done or failed to do. Lord Salisbury observed that foreign policy was like drifting downstream in a punt, the thing to do was to stick out a pole occasionally to keep the boat from colliding with the bank. Talleyrand said there was nothing so dangerous in diplomacy as the desire to do something striking. Rusk frowns on serious issues being treated as drama, and dislikes de Gaulle's dramatizations. de Gaulle seems to him to profess to have answers that may (or may not) fit the case 40 years hence. Rusk by contrast may have to deal with a situation by nine o'clock tomorrow morning. He observes that this is the difference between having real power, which the US has and which is a painful not a pleasant experience, and having only sovereignty, which is what de Gaulle has. The trouble is that Rusk's tomorrow morning's answer sometimes is not his own but someone else's: in Vietnam it has been McNamara's, though Rusk poured cold water on the notion of going for Hanoi, after the allied ambassadors protested to him about it.

Rusk's general conclusion is that the US is living in a world it can influence, perhaps, but cannot control. He is torn between a feeling that the world is on the front edge of change, and a feeling that the Russians are not less militant, only more cautious about the degree of their militancy (he apparently sees no change

whatever in the Chinese). He quietly encouraged an unfreezing of American opinion until Senator Fulbright took him at his word, when he at once became discouraging. Sometimes he contradicts himself. Trade with Russia is Good, for a variety of reasons; trade with Cuba, North Vietnam and China is Bad, largely for the same reasons reversed. Rusk explains that one cannot always be verbally consistent when dealing with different specific situations. His rationalization of his contradictions is unconvincing. He gets petulant, as did Dulles, over the disproportionate burden the US has to carry. Allies want US action on Cyprus and Malaysia, but the US plods on alone with the problems of Cuba and Vietnam.

Rusk was poor on Cuba at the time of the Bay of Pigs, when he went along silently with what he disapproved. He was good on Cuba in 1962, working out with Llewellyn E. Thompson the strategy of challenge-and-pause that served the West so well. His present attitude on Cuba is hard: no let-up on Castro until Castro falls, or publicly disavows the Soviet Union (a disavowal Rusk cynically admits Castro might not survive). Cuba is Rusk's gnawing preoccupation. He has accused Britain of interfering with efforts to free Cuba, by offering to sell Castro buses. How does this

square with his own description of diplomacy as a constant search for ways to end disputes? Partly he scolds the allies in order to reassure Latin Americans (and Americans) that the US itself is not wavering; partly he speaks from fear that if Castro stays there will be other "Cubas" in the hemisphere. The US might intervene with arms and decide then to "take out" Castro too, with who knows what consequences?

These are not ignoble motives. Rusk is a quiet man who genuinely wants peace. He is pleased to have had a hand in the test-ban treaty. If he fears a false detente more than he believes in the imminence of a real one, his emphasis has on the whole been on efforts to find areas of agreement with Russia, if not with China. Preoccupation with a "multilateral nuclear force" for Europe has, however paradoxically, been occasioned at least in part by dread of the dissemination of nuclear weapons nation by nation. These are important goals shared by Rusk and, probably, most of the men who have been mentioned as his possible successor. What they also tend to share with him, however, is an either-or way of looking at the world. With all his subtlety and awareness of complexity, Rusk sees the basic issue of this period of history as the decision about what kind of world society we are going to have. According to him, it must be either such a world as is laid down in the UN Charter, or else one that will arise out of some sort of global Communist revolution. Yet it now seems obvious it will be neither. For the time being, at any rate, the world insists on corresponding to Rusk's "worry list." Some things get worse, some get better, but precious few can be correlated with anything that the State Department (or the Pentagon) either does or fails to do. "Our impact . . . is much less than we or others sometimes suppose." Saying this, Rusk sometimes must feel like a man surrounded by people shouting at him not to just stand there but to do something, when he believes there is really little he can do. They say he would never have been the last man on the Alamo. He might; but first he would have tried to prevent the battle. He believes most storms have to be ridden out, not fought out, and with this in mind he is prepared to sit and sit. Molotov, the former Soviet Foreign Minister, used the same tactic to such effect that he was called Old Stone Ass. It is in character that Secretary Rusk is more genteelly described as Asbestos Pants.

To have discovered that however much one's allies may disagree at times, they will stay firm in a life-or-death crisis as they did over the missiles in Cuba in October, 1962; to try to ease tensions so that one's successor may with luck enlarge the areas of agreement some more: such have been Rusk's lot and the sum of his striving. His successor may, ignoring Talleyrand's advice, try for something more striking.



"We've Had Them All, Old Boy."

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

The Will to Believe

by Murray Kempton

Mr. Huie and Herr Tobias are a disparate pair of writers to be presented in tandem. And I am afraid that I have harnessed them together because each of them is telling us something that is relevant to our search for an explanation of the murder of John Kennedy,

The Hiroshima Pilot:
The Case of Major Eatherly
by William Bradford Huie
(Putnam; \$4.95)
The Reichstag Fire
by Fritz Tobias
(Putnam; \$5.95)

a person larger than Huie's subject and an event larger than Tobias'.

We know William Bradford Huie as a journalist—both persistent and energetic. He is fortunate for his flair as a *romancier*. Huie stories are about living people processed for the films; he lists his movie credits in his bibliography. One successful sample was *The Outsider*, the troubles of Ira Hayes, one of the Marines who raised the flag at Iwo Jima and after the war a victim of a society which had no place for him because he was an Indian.

We know very little about Fritz Tobias except that he is a West German civil servant. His father was a trade union official in the Weimar Republic; when the Nazis came to power, his father was arrested and Fritz lost his job. He was conscripted, wounded, captured and patched up by the Americans and returned to serve on a denazification court.

Huie and Tobias, two men with nothing else visible in common, come before us bound together because each has just published a work that examines and disposes of a piece of history which everyone had thought he knew simply because everyone wanted to believe it.

Huie has searched out, assembled and published the service and the criminal

records and the personal history of Major Claude Eatherly who, we all thought, led the nuclear bombardment of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. That crime, everyone knows, left Eatherly so ravaged by guilt that his life has since alternated between mental hospitals and intervals in the custody of policemen who arrest him because he is driven to commit burglaries, whose only purpose is to get him caught and punished, because society refuses to punish him for his real crime of murder at Hiroshima. Huie's evidence persuades us instead that Eatherly has been an ordinarily disreputable and less than ordinarily engaging confidence man, his connection with Hiroshima tangential, and much of his criminal career purposive and, as such careers go, fairly rational.

Tobias examines the history of the Reichstag fire, which everyone knows was set by the Nazis, who then blamed the Communists for what they themselves had done, broke all popular resistance by mass arrests, and then hanged as scapegoat a cretinous Dutchman named Marinus Van der Lubbe, whom the Nazis had duped into accompanying them to the arson and then left alone to be caught. Tobias persuades us that Van der Lubbe, a leftist of the deed, set the fire all by himself, and the Nazis and Communists accused one another with entire sincerity, because each party knew it hadn't done it and could only assume that the other one had.

Huie's findings on Major Eatherly and Tobias' on Van der Lubbe are bound to gain them little profit, for they offend our will to believe. The only Major Eatherly who has any real public existence and commercial value is the one pursued by the unappeased ghosts of Hiroshima. In throwing away that Major Eatherly, Huie forfeits a literary property. It is hard to see how Tobias could hope to earn much profit—either

by finding the Nazis guilty or by acquitting them of the Reichstag fire. Against their subsequent history, to try the Nazis for arson would be like trying Attila for commandeering a pony. Huie and Tobias are then two men in the condition of trying to find out what really happened in history.

Claude Eatherly was a Major when he came to Tinian to command a B-29 in the 509th Composite Group, the first Air Force unit to carry the atom bomb. He was cherished by his crew members but he was not, by his lights, a lucky pilot. He missed every chance for glory. He had earned his wings before Pearl Harbor, but he had never been in combat before he got to Tinian near the end of the war. The bomb run over Hiroshima was his last missed chance. He was assigned to fly there in advance and report visibility; he radioed back his information and returned to Tinian—still never having experienced even the sight of flak and too far from Hiroshima to see the first nuclear explosion.

The Air Force had no room in its official Hiroshima history for Major Eatherly's small supporting role. He complained at being overlooked; but he stayed in the Air Force and was depressed again because he could not persuade his crew to stay there with him. He went to Bikini for the postwar nuclear tests to fly a blast gauge plane; the worst disappointment of his whole career was that his crew had been beaten in the qualifying rounds which chose the crew which dropped the test bomb. Eatherly came home to find that he had been denied a regular commission in the Air Force, and, after an unsuccessful essay at meteorological school, he was released in 1946.

Eatherly's first civilian employment was as a pilot for a New Orleans company organized by an old battle flyer and defense contractor—both of them demobilized and united on a project to bomb Havana, seize Cuba and make it the 49th State with themselves as proprietors. This vision expired when the federals arrested the officers of its corporate embodiment. Ever since, Eather-

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ly has told two great simultaneous fibs about his life: 1) how he flew over Hiroshima and Nagasaki and would never sleep again for thinking of what he had done and 2) less than two years after the shock of his confrontation by blood guilt, he made \$100,000 running guns to the Caribbean.

He went back to Houston and became a salesman for Texaco. Thereupon he ran through three jobs; he had commenced to drink and the poker luck which had been prodigious in the Air Force began to fail him, and he started bouncing checks. In 1949, his wife and his brothers persuaded him to go to the Veterans Administration Hospital in Waco; he spent five weeks there, being treated for a complaint roughly described as "anxiety neurosis." He had been the youngest child of poor farmers and then he had been an Air Force major; his problem seemed to the VA the common one of adjusting to the reality of what life would now be. There was no mention of Hiroshima either from his lips or on his service record. He came out, found brief stability as a roustabout; and then the pattern began again. In March, 1953, his wife left him. Eatherly was found guilty and given five years' probation for forging a check. Two months later, he was arrested in Dallas on another check charge; and the state insisted that he go back to the Waco VA hospital or to jail.

He was released in ten days; the psychiatrists persuaded his wife to try again. And he went back to drinking and in December, 1953, was arrested again for forgery and sent back to Waco where he stayed five months this time. By then his wife was divorcing him. He turned up next in New Orleans, was arrested for having passed a set of forged checks given credence and support with the credit cards of a Houston businessman, acquired no one knows how. Eatherly had matured by now to the orthodox technique of paying for a piece of jewelry with a forged check and then pawning it for cash. One of his victims caught him at the race track. He was treated by the police of New Orleans as an ordinary confidence man; there was no talk of his anxiety neurosis; he spent 13 months in the New Orleans jail. After that, Texas wanted him for violating his probation; he was returned there

and his state, its patience still unbounded, agreed to transfer him back to the VA hospital in Waco.

Eatherly's post-service career had been until then an ordinary story of sloth and petty criminality; all that is pathetic in it is what is commonly pathetic in the stories of small criminals, who are a class generally in need of psychiatric healing. I summarize Huie's account of it only to wonder at the need in ourselves to elevate such a history to an experience of suffering, expiation and redemption.

Eatherly stayed at the mental hospital four months this time and was released in April, 1956, to Sherman, Texas, and a job with the Air Force as a dispatcher. In August he was arrested for having tried to rob a post office; his plan this time had been to steal enough money order blanks to forge \$2,500 worth and go to Mexico and try out an infallible roulette system. He was in his cell awaiting trial when a Fort Worth reporter, curious to find a former Air Force major in trouble, came to see him. Eatherly told his visitor that he had led the Hiroshima and Nagasaki raids and he escalated his Air Medal to a Distinguished Flying Cross; the reporter did what checking he could—fortunately not enough to lessen a good story—and printed Eatherly's memory of his triumphs and his trials. The legend had been woven; there remained only the embroidery. Claude Eatherly was returned to the VA hospital for examination to see if he were fit to stand trial. By May of 1957, his attendant psychiatrist, who had not before been told about Hiroshima, had reflected enough on the effect of this experience to feel competent to wonder aloud to the Fort Worth reporter whether "a guilt complex arising out of his participation in history's greatest mass killing could have driven Air Force hero Claude Eatherly into a postwar life of irresponsible crime."

The Major Eatherly whose creation was accomplished in that junction of journalism and psychiatry has widened since to an heroic figure in that Europe of which Bertrand Russell is foreign minister. Patriotic Americans are resentful on his behalf because he has been so cruelly exploited by persons whose only purpose it is to defame his country. We are unfair to ourselves; all that Europe has added to the legend

of Major Eatherly is the ending where the Air Force seals him away as a lunatic in order to stifle his cry for forgiveness. In every other detail, Major Eatherly was conceived by our reporters and our scriptwriters. That is an instructive difference between ourselves and the old world; Europeans invent conspiracies; we invent people.

By the spring of 1957, Major Eatherly was important enough to be the subject of a television documentary; by then, he had himself dropped the bomb on Hiroshima. That summer a film producer hired Paul Wellman to write a shooting script for an Eatherly film to be called *Medal in the Dust*. This Major Eatherly had flown 32 combat missions before even coming to Tinian; he commanded all five planes in the Hiroshima and Nagasaki raids; he ran away in shame and guilt from his homecoming reception; he wakes up screaming "Bail Out! Save the Children"; the Veterans Administration forces a disability pension on him and he yet refuses to collect the checks, because they are blood money. Claude Eatherly read this fresh new-minted life and accepted it as his own with the same sense of sincerity he brings to the acceptance of his disability checks.

Honest as he is, Huie cannot quite get over the sentimental habits he needs at his trade; he finds himself sorry for Claude Eatherly as a sick man cruelly exploited. Eatherly is clearly sick; healthy men do not accept insulin shock treatments just to malingering in mental hospitals. In New Orleans Eatherly would buy a ring from a storekeeper with a forged check and take whatever the hock shop would give him for it and go off to the track. A man who would assume these risks to steal something, give most of its value over to a pawnbroker almost as a tax, and then go to the races and dispute what he has left with a huge machine that risks nothing and in the end must devour everything is a sucker. Wherever he is, he is exploited.

And Claude Eatherly is exploited because he is essential to our sense that we are proper and feeling people. District Attorneys sound grateful when he commits one of his punishment-seeking crimes in their jurisdiction. Five years ago, he let himself be caught robbing a store in Dallas. The prosecutor persuaded the judge to release Eatherly to

the VA hospital. "He's got hallucinations that the Japs are after him," the District Attorney said.

Henry Wade was and still is District Attorney of Dallas. He himself rather enjoys unpleasant duties; it is his pride that he has won the death penalty in 25 of the 26 cases he has prosecuted. He is a man who can look at a face and carry a jury along to the judgment that this face deserves to die. Yet even Henry Wade accepts a Claude Eatherly haunted because he killed persons he had never seen. Bertrand Russell could not bow to Eatherly with more respect than the District Attorney of Dallas.

It has been charged in Europe that the Air Force seals Major Eatherly away in hospitals in order to still his voice as protestant. Huie had no way to engage this charge except to ask an official at the Waco VA hospital whether the Air Force had ever called about Eatherly. He got the answer that General Nathan Twining had called from Washington; the Chief of the Air Force had read about Eatherly in the papers and wanted to know if there was anything the Air Force could do for his children. This story has to be true; it sounds like what men in authority say in *Dr. Strangelove*. We can believe in a General Twining who wonders what can be done for the children just as we can believe in the long minutes in *Dr. Strangelove* when the last plane flies gallant and crippled to accomplish the doom of man, its bombardier, of course, a Negro, the crew a band of brothers who are at once a reminder of and a reproach to all notions of honor, guilty of nothing and responsible to no one except one another.

We feel, in that key, no longer responsible for what we do; and I confess that I do not know whether we invented Claude Eatherly because we wanted someone to be responsible for what we do or because we wanted to think that someone still felt responsible for what he did.

Huie has taken us—or more exactly one of us at least—through those thoughts back to the murder of President Kennedy.

The most difficult thing with which Justice Warren must contend is this part of ourselves which wants to believe that just one outsider is guilty and that every institution is not only

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innocent but has passed through this particular crisis with renewed evidence of its perfection. I do not contend that Lee Oswald was innocent. Yet it is hard not to notice how glad every law enforcement agent was to believe that, having found Oswald, there was nowhere further to look. The law's business otherwise was to keep us from asking just why it had been unable to prevent the murder of Mr. Kennedy, which was unthinkable, by showing us how efficiently it could prevent the escape of Lee Oswald, which would have been merely embarrassing. Ever since, there have remained discrepancies in the official version of Oswald's capture, which – if they are not to be taken as indicative of a frameup – can only be explained as exaggerations of the speed and efficiency with which the Dallas police reacted. They could not have moved into the Texas Book Depository Building at once and in force, as their chief says they did, and still given Lee Oswald time to leave what they say was his hiding place, hide what they say was his rifle, and be four flights down, drinking a Coca Cola, in time to greet the first policeman to arrive. The police could not then have let Oswald leave and called all the rest of the Book Depository's employees to a formation and discovered Oswald missing and put upon the radio a wanted call with a perfect description all in the space of one minute. And yet, when Justice Warren wonders about these puzzles, there is no place for him to seek the answers except from the Dallas police department. In the same way, if he wants a complete file on the FBI's relations with Oswald – both as informant and subject informed upon – Justice Warren can only ask J. Edgar Hoover and trust him to accept every risk of institutional embarrassment.

There is, against our acceptance of the absurd, that alternative tendency of the European mind which seems always

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to explain those crimes Americans want so much to think of as individual aberrations as the work of men acting in combination for their own self-interest. Mr. Tobias' analysis of the Reichstag fire disposes marvelously of this argument, it seems to me. Van der Lubbe was an apostate Communist who set fire to the Reichstag in hopes of rousing the workers against the Nazis. The police inspector and the firemen who first investigated the case were certain that the whole thing could have been done by one man and Van der Lubbe reinforced their conviction by demonstrating how he had done it while they timed him with a stopwatch.

But Hitler knew that no holocaust this historic could have been the product of anything except an army of arsonists and he could imagine no one with the requisite will and discipline except the Communists. He forced this theory upon the police; four Communists were arrested and identified by witnesses as lurkers near the scene. The Communists knew that these defendants were innocent; as to Van der Lubbe, it seemed to them impossible that any man who had done anything so useful to the Nazis was not an accomplice of the Nazis. The Communists could not avoid slandering the poor fellow with obscene inventions; but there seems no reason to believe that they were not sincere in their basic charge that he was a Nazi agent.

There was the problem that no one had been able to find any incendiary material beyond a few crude firelighters which were barely enough for Van der Lubbe's needs. The prosecution, however, produced a chemist who explained that Van der Lubbe's accomplices had done their work in advance by spreading around the Reichstag Chamber an invisible ointment with the property of bursting into flame by itself just one hour after application. The Communists gave this charlatan the same credence that Hitler did and for the same reason. There would otherwise have been no proof for their assurance that the Nazis were the real arsonists.

I do not offer Mr. Tobias' evidence that Van der Lubbe fired the Reichstag all by himself – a fact believed by few informed as against knowledgeable persons, in Europe at the time – to suggest, even indirectly, that therefore

Lee Oswald murdered Mr. Kennedy all by himself. For one thing, Van der Lubbe's job was much easier than Oswald's would have been. For another, if it is significant, Van der Lubbe proclaimed his deed and his motive from the moment he was captured; the main thing which seems to have broken his spirit was his inability to persuade anyone that he had acted alone and the need therefore to endure so much nonsense about accomplices. Oswald never admitted his deed.

I am grateful to Mr. Tobias for having destroyed one sturdy example of the European theory of rational conspiracy, because I confess myself uncomfortable with the plot theory. I cannot really do justice to its most elaborate – that is French – variations in the Kennedy case. *Le Figaro* tells us that Mr. Kennedy was murdered by *Mafiosi*. *L'Express* casts a wider net than that; its conspiracy includes the *Mafioso* Ruby; perhaps six Dallas policemen including one who was the real assassin; Oswald as a minor accomplice; the Birchers for tactical military leadership; and an unnamed but H. L. Hunt-model oil millionaire for financing. Thomas Buchanan, *L'Express'* expert, is an honest man; but his theories are a strain, since they require us to decide that Oswald was a Bircher and a partial conspirator was Officer J. D. Tippet, whose only tangible connection with the case was that he was unfortunate enough to be murdered. Jacques Servan Screiber, editor of *L'Express*, sent Buchanan over here to tell the Justice Department, and Buchanan seems terribly saddened that there was so little enthusiasm for this gift of the chance to round up so many persons who are public pests in any case.

The Justice Department is, however, full of old friends of Mr. Kennedy's and I can imagine just how terrible it would be for them to accept the idea that what happened was a conspiracy. I hope the ghost of Lee Oswald gets the best defense that any live man can; still I want to believe that whoever killed Mr. Kennedy acted alone. I just do not want any other American to have a piece of this thing. It is a pity to retain that prejudice after having thought all this time about two writers who, artless though they are, have each served truth, and robbed us of our certainties.

Three Poems

by Robert Graves

Non Cogunt Stellae

Come, live in Now and occupy it well,
Prediction's no alternative to forethought
Despite at least four hundred arts of scrying
The dubious future, such as to study birds,
Or bull's-guts, or sheep-droppings, or wine lees
In an alabaster cup, though the most ancient
Most exact discipline, Astrology,
Comes hallowed by a college of gowned mantics
Who still cast horoscopes only by stars
Apparent to the still unaided eye –
And of whom a few, the best, focus their powers
On exact horary configurations, then
At an agreed moment brusquely sweep away
Zodiacal signs, conjunctions, trines
And reinduce a pure, archaic vision –
Yet thrust aside all false astrologers
Who dare lay greedy or compulsive hands
On the stars you sped at your nativity
Along their courses and forbid to canker
The rose of love or blunt the blade of honor:
No public hangmen these, but servants chosen
To wear bright livery at your house gate;
And favor you the more, the less you fear them.

Rain of Brimstone

Yet if they trust in lures or spells
To exorcize the tall angel,
Love, from this castle-court by us
Now long frequented,

And if frustration drives them mad,
So that they brawl in hell's fury
Battering at our gate all night
With oaken cudgels,

Are we to blame for sparing them
The voice of truth which they deny us?
Should we not darkly leave the town
To its rain of brimstone?

Song: Sword and Rose

The King of Hearts a broadsword bears,
The Queen of Hearts, a rose –
Though why, not every gambler cares
Nor cartomancer knows.

Be beauty yours, be honor mine,
Yet sword and rose are one:
Great emblems that in love combine
Until the dealing's done;

For no card, whether small or face,
Shall overtrump our two
Except that Heart of Hearts, the Ace,
To which their title's due.

On Explaining the Sino-Soviet Conflict

by Benjamin Schwartz

It would appear that every publishing house in the United States soon will have its volume on the Sino-Soviet conflict, each more "up-to-date" than the other; and, it may be asked why this should not be regarded as an entirely welcome development. Do we not need a public well informed on world affairs? Yes we do, but whether we need the waste of resources, physical and mental,

Mao Against Khrushchev

by David Floyd

(Praeger; \$7.95)

Tsars, Mandarins and Commissars

by Harry Schwartz

(Lippincott; \$5)

involved in retelling the same story again and again may be doubted. Even more serious doubts, however, may be raised about the quality of thinking one finds in a great deal of this literature. Most books of this type are by no means content to tell the story of recent spectacular events. Their *raison d'être* is that they explain the "background." Generally, in seeking explanations, the authors draw on a fund of currently available and highly plausible theories and notions, political, economic, historic, etc. — which have already achieved a kind of cliché status. These plausible explanations are seldom subject to critical scrutiny or weighed against each other. They are simply identified, catalogued and attached to the story. The author may have his favorite explanation or he may simply pile up all available explanations. The reader has the satisfying sense of knowing the story in all its sensational detail and of being able to understand the "background" without any excessive expenditure of agonizing thought.

Now the two books here reviewed — particularly that of Mr. Schwartz — should perhaps not be placed in the category of literature described above, or at any rate, are highly superior specimens of this literature. Mr. Floyd and Mr. Schwartz both qualify as experienced and qualified experts on Communist affairs. They both write succinctly. On the whole, the story of the

unfolding drama of Sino-Soviet relations since 1949 is well told by both authors. Mr. Floyd's account is bolstered by documentary extracts in the appendix which are certainly useful, but again it should be noted that several useful documentary collections on this subject are now becoming available. Mr. Schwartz does much more. He provides a most interesting account of the whole history of Chinese-Russian relations since the 17th Century. His aim in doing so is by no means academic. It relates to what might be called his primary explanation of the Sino-Soviet conflict — the explanation in terms of conflict of national interests. The basic refrain of Sino-Russian relations from the very beginning, we learn, has been one of antagonism. Hence any alliance between the two was obviously "unnatural" from beginning to end. Finally, in his last chapter, entitled "The Past Is Prologue," Mr. Schwartz provides what seems to me to be eminently sage advice on the policy implications of the Sino-Soviet conflict for the United States. He urges, in effect, that we have open lines of communication to both sides and that we abandon our frozen posture *vis-à-vis* China for a more flexible approach open to new possibilities.

Given the merits of these books, why do they still arouse the same feeling of dissatisfaction as other up-to-date books on "world affairs?" Because, like the others, they offer glib, facile, and unexamined explanations. Mr. Schwartz implies that given his explanations, the approach of an overt Sino-Soviet conflict should have been obvious. The fact is, however, that it was by no means obvious. There were those who believed even during the period between 1949 and 1960 that the forces making for disintegration were stronger than the forces making for solidarity, and that US policy should constantly bear the possibility of conflict in mind. There was, however, nothing obvious about this position (generally dismissed as "wish-thinking"), and most of the "hard-headed" arguments were on the other side. When Mr. Schwartz asserts that the only argument on the other

side was the illusion that Communist ideology would override all else, he displays a certain amnesia. Most of those who argued for monolithic unity were highly contemptuous of the ideological factor. Soviet and Chinese Societies were both totalitarian, and the common class interests of their ruling classes would hold them together indissolubly. Or, whatever the conflicts between the Soviet Union and China, their common interests as unsatisfied powers (it was not so clearly realized that the Soviet Union was satisfied) would override their conflicts at least until the US had been defeated. Or — most realistic of all — China's economic fate had become so indissolubly tied to the Communist bloc that it could not possibly escape, etc.

If all these realistic explanations which appeared in numberless books on world affairs have fallen to the ground, should we not view from a certain, critical distance some of the more obvious theories about why the rift has occurred? Even if we grant that Sino-Russian relations have been basically antagonistic over the centuries (And I am not sure that the case is proven), does this immediately explain what occurred after 1957? The relations between most contiguous states have been generally hostile. This hostility did not prevent Mao Tse-tung from "leaning to one side" in spite of the harsh conditions imposed by Stalin in 1950, nor did it prevent the post-Stalin leadership in the Soviet movement from making very considerable conciliatory gestures to Mao Tse-tung. The history of hostility was there but was pushed into the background. Actually, it was only when certain expectations entertained by both leaderships (expectations which may have been shaped to a degree by the ideology itself) regarding each other were sorely disappointed, that the historic background again began to show signs of life. What about the argument that the poor Chinese obviously envy the affluent Russians? The fact is that so long as the Chinese linked their destiny to the Soviet Union, and so long as they looked upon the Soviet Union as a model, they eagerly seized upon every shred of real or fabricated evidence of the growing affluence and power of the Soviet Union.

The fact is that the actual course of

events was not obvious, and had all the unanticipated flavor which such events generally have in real life. The fact is that to explain the complex motives of the actual protagonists in living situations is enormously difficult. One cannot make simple juxtapositions such as Floyd's "ideology" and "practical poli-

tics." The way in which the two may become related in an actual situation is not easy to unravel. If the public is really to think about world affairs, it must not merely be fed the story cum "explanations." It must be made to think hard and vigorously about the explanations themselves.

Without the Consent of the Governed

by Marquis W. Childs

This is the beginning of the tourist season in Washington and the streets are clogged with buses bringing students from all over the country for a glimpse of the façade of government. They sit for a few minutes in the galleries of the Senate and House. They march respectfully into the chamber of the Supreme Court at the center of the dazzling white marble temple

Power in Washington
by Douglass Cater
(Random House; \$4.95)

that outshines the Capitol. And if there is time they wait in seemingly endless lines to make the quick passage of the public rooms in the White House. It is a textbook tour that pays a fleeting tribute to the three equal and coordinate branches of government as defined in high school civics.

No suspicion of the raging conflict below the surface troubles this innocence. It is rather as a skin-diver that Mr. Cater explores the various forms the conflict takes in the arcane depths that are so dark and obscure. He does not pretend to a thorough exploration. His are random findings, typical examples, of the undersea life with which he has made himself familiar. He shows how quickly what he calls, appropriately, subgovernments grow up; like coral reefs that proliferate not in centuries and millennia but in a few years.

The most formidable of these is the subgovernment of the defense establishment with its close links in Congress, and Mr. Cater's most interesting chapter deals with a phenomenon that has in scarcely more than 30 years become so vast and powerful that it often seems to transcend the authority

of the conventional forms of government of whatever branch. It is only through the well nigh superhuman efforts of Mr. McNamara, the Secretary of Defense, that it is kept within any bounds whatsoever. The controversy over the \$7 billion contract for the TFX pursuit plane, with the pressure of powerful Senators to alter the decision of the Secretary of Defense, made extraordinary demands on the time and energy, not to say the emotions, of Mr. McNamara and this was only one, although perhaps the most formidable, of the conflicts within the subgovernment of defense.

We have had other recent explorations in these depths. The conviction, notably in James MacGregor Burns' *The Deadlock of Democracy*, has been strong that the tangle of interlocking powers, private and public, the whole complex of autocratic committee chairmen in Congress and well-heeled lobbyists seeking government largesse, is so great that the subgovernments do in fact override the authority of government as defined in the civics textbooks. Mr. Cater is less pessimistic. He cites C. Wright Mills on the "power elite" in America and Mills' rejection of David Riesman's "romantic pluralism" only to disagree with the Mills conclusion. Mills failed noticeably, says Mr. Cater, to provide any examples of decision-making that would document his thesis.

Yet one may wish that Mr. Cater had defined more clearly the reasons for his optimism. He notes, for example, that a recognizable group of skilled operatives shuttles back and forth between private enterprise and the key posts of foreign policy, defense and finance and he refers in passing to the "role of the purely unofficial Council on Foreign Relations in the care and



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breeding of an incipient American Establishment." It may be significant that at the other end of the political spectrum from Mills, on the extreme right, there is a deep-seated conviction that the Council on Foreign Relations is not so much the agent of a subgovernment as it is a supergovernment. A sizeable propaganda document is widely distributed by the Right showing how the alleged interlocking directorate functions as between the Council in New York and the higher echelons of government in Washington.

This is one aspect of the struggle for power, as it relates to attitudes and tensions and the question whether decision-making today has any real relation to the election by popular vote of men to high office. In October of 1962 a handful of men at the center of power took the decision to confront the Soviet Union with the choice between removing the Russian missiles in Cuba or nuclear war. Only after the crisis, of a dimension far more menacing than ever before in human history, had ended were we told what had been done. And only after the Presi-

dent's death did his brother tell us that the somber thought uppermost in Mr. Kennedy's mind was that he might be foreclosing the lives of millions upon millions of children even before they had really begun to live.

Here is decision-making on a scale that completely transcends the conventional forms of government. It is not a criticism of Mr. Cater's book to say that the struggle for power, as it is portrayed and as it is customarily debated, has not even begun to compre-

hend this new dimension. One can agree with Mr. Cater that it is not enough to inveigh against a "power elite" or for that matter to invoke a hopeful pluralism out of the past. Nevertheless, we are groping uncertainly within a frame of reference that must seem in almost every respect irrelevant to the times in which we live. In such a time, if historical precedent means anything, power-seeking men seize power. But what they will do with it is far from certain.

A Tract of Secret History

by Gertrude Himmelfarb

It was to be expected that E. P. Thompson would undertake a radical rewriting of history. A founder of the dissident-Communist *New Reasoner*, and an editor and, more recently, chairman of the editorial board of the *New Left Review* (as well as a Senior Lecturer at Leeds University), he does not entirely surprise us by producing a partisan history. What is surprising is that he

Industrial Revolution was completed by 1832, also assumed that the working class must have emerged by that time. But even they did not envisage a working class as unified, self-conscious, disaffected and organized as Mr. Thompson's. Since their time, historians, sociologists and economists (Sir John Clapham, T. S. Ashton, Neil Smelser, W. W. Rostow...) have presented evidence of the dilatoriness and unevenness of the Industrial Revolution, of the variety of interests and attitudes exhibited by workers, of the overlapping of the working and middle classes both in composition and in political activity, and in general of a period less catastrophic, less homogeneous, and less desperate than had been supposed.

Mr. Thompson, however, wants none of these subtleties and complexities. A major theme of his book is the defense of the older "classical," "orthodox" school against the new "revisionists" and "empiricists," as he terms them. The latter, he implies, have invented these complications precisely in order to obscure the old simple verities. Unlike the earlier historians who were frankly outraged by the evils they found, the new "optimists" use the most sophisticated and ostensibly neutral techniques of economics and sociology to try to prove that things were not so bad as has been thought. Mr. Thompson charges these revisionists with "moral complacency," "ponderous insensitivity," an "academic failure of imagination," and a "liberal mixture of special pleading and ideology." One historian is chastised for bringing to his

The Making of the English Working Class

by E. P. Thompson
(Pantheon; \$15)

should have so radically rewritten the history of radicalism itself, that his partisanship should have turned out to be so eccentrically partisan. For Mr. Thompson is not merely *engagé*, as one might have thought. He is positively *enragé*.

Briefly, Mr. Thompson is arguing that the English working class — *class*, not *classes* — was formed between 1780 and 1832 (sometimes he gives the period as 1790 to 1830), and that by the latter date there was not only an identity of interests uniting the working class, a consciousness of that identity, and a conscious hostility to the middle and upper classes, but also the development of appropriate political and industrial organizations to express that identity, and even a "maturing claim for an alternative system" (his italics). To a certain extent this thesis represents a return to that of an older generation of historians (Arnold Toynbee, the Hammonds...) who, assuming that the

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subject "that air of boredom appropriate to the capacious conscience of the Nuclear Age." For the most part, however, Mr. Thompson is content to hold the capitalist ideology, rather than the cold war, responsible for their moral obtuseness. They are apologists for capitalism, he explains, because they take for granted the naturalness of the market economy and thus the inevitability of the economic and social processes generated by that economy.

So far, Mr. Thompson is being conventionally unconventional, confronting the revisionists with a new counter-revisionism. Counter-revisionisms, however, like counter-reformations, tend to overshoot their mark and go beyond the original orthodoxy that they professedly wish to restore. Mr. Thompson has overshot his mark spectacularly. For his working class is not only more unified and organized than that of the Hammonds, Webbs or Coles; it is unified and organized for different purposes and under different leaders. No one else has ventured to locate the main line of the working class along such obscure outposts of radicalism, or to find its heroes among those known to most historians as fanatics and to most Marxists as "Infantile Leftists."

Thus where other radical historians have been content to identify themselves, and the working class, with the main body of the London Corresponding Society, whose principles and activities seemed daring enough in the 1790's, Mr. Thompson focuses upon the small sects of English Jacobins whose aim was nothing less than revolution, whose hero was Robespierre, and whose tracts—"King Killing," "The Happy Reign of George the Last"—sound more like the inventions of parodists or provocateurs than of men engaged, as Mr. Thompson sees them, in "planting the liberty tree." And later it is the "underground" of conspirators attempting to overthrow the government that he dwells upon, with endless, inconclusive speculations about its size. (He indignantly repudiates the statement of Francis Place that the underground, at one critical moment, had no more than a dozen members; but he can only counter this with a series of hypotheses, such as that the renegade Place would naturally try to belittle it, that government informers were natu-

Photo by Joel Avirom



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rally untrustworthy, and that, moreover, the working class deliberately deceived the informers.)

Mr. Thompson, commendably, does not obscure the seditiousness of those conspirators who, in time of war, tried to enlist the help of France for the establishment of an English republic. He does not shun the words sedition, conspiracy, revolution. Indeed he insists upon them as the tokens of authenticity — of the authentic working class. If they seem to be rather the marks of radicalism (or more precisely, revolutionism), it is because he defines the working class primarily in terms of this species of radicalism. Thus his book is singularly lacking in any serious discussion of the economic and political interests of the various groups of workers, of the specific principles of contending leaders, or of the particular

aims and demands of the different organizations, parties and conspiracies. Not program but tactics, and primarily the tactics of violence, are his touchstones. Long before Francis Place became James Mill's "White Man's Trusty Nigger," as Mr. Thompson amiably puts it, he discerns in him the fatal flaw of "educational quietism" — the symptoms of which are a repugnance for "unlimited agitation," "illegal organization," and "insurrectionary conspiracy." (The expressions are Thompson's, not Place's.)

A sufficient disposition to violence is not only an adequate substitute for a program; it may even be taken to constitute a program. Other historians, for example, have sympathized with the Luddites who tried to destroy the machinery that was depriving them of a livelihood. It remained for Mr. Thompson to see the Luddites not only as a highly organized movement but also as one with distinct socialist affinities: they were a "quasi-insurrectionary movement which continually trembled on the edge of ulterior revolutionary objectives"; they contained a "shadowy image, not so much of a paternalist, but of a democratic community, in which industrial growth should be regulated according to ethical priorities and the pursuit of profit be subordinated to human needs." This is a large deduction from very little evidence. But the logic is clear enough. Since the Luddites were opposed to the "political economy and morality... of laissez faire," they must have been presaging, in a "confused midnight encounter," the clash that thirty-five years later Marx saw taking place "in broad daylight" between the political economy of the middle class and that of the working class.

Marx himself, of course, never assumed that there were only two alternatives in any situation, that a hostility to capitalism necessarily signified a desire for socialism. Mr. Thompson lives in a simpler world where the enemies of his enemies are automatically his friends. Cobbett was admittedly "opportunistic," "anti-intellectual," "anti-semitic," incapable of a "radical critique of property rights"; Richard Carlile was guilty of gross "philistinism" and of "petit-bourgeois individualism"; Henry Hunt was a vain, autocratic demagogue

(and a rich man to boot) — yet they are the heroes of the "radical intellectual culture" by virtue of a rhetoric and a posture that aligned them with the populace and against the establishment.

What matters here is stance rather than substance. Historical facts, like historical personalities, exist not in their own right and in their own terms but only as part of the pattern and polemic of history. If one historian suggests that the unprecedented growth of population was a factor in the creation of slums, Mr. Thompson hastens to put the matter in its proper perspective: "We should see these as the problems of industrialism, aggravated by the predatory drives of laissez faire capitalism." If another suggests that parents themselves goaded their children to work, Mr. Thompson is quick to cite the case of a mother who defended her child against harsh treatment. If a criminal confessed to a comfortable standard of living, he too, Mr. Thompson comments, "may be accounted an 'optimist'."

"There is a tract of secret history," Mr. Thompson writes of the conspiracies of the time, "buried like the Great Plain of Gwaelod beneath the sea. We must reconstruct what we can." In reconstructing this tract, he may have constructed a tract of another kind. Yet it is a tract that has the superficial appearance and all the appurtenances of conventional history: it is enormously long and voluminous, if not always relevantly, documented, with copious quotations from manuscripts, pamphlets, public records and periodicals. Perhaps this is why reviewers in England have greeted it as an important work of scholarship.

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The Edwardian Hyams

by Stanley Kauffmann

One of the pleasures in reading the *New Statesman* every week is a column called *The Countryside*, which is rewarding even to one who has been long in city pent because it is written by Edward Hyams. This remarkable man, little known in America, is one of that species whose interests are so wide that to read any one book of his – if it is your first – is like meeting someone by

A Perfect Stranger
by Edward Hyams
(Simon & Schuster; \$4.50)

being introduced to his big toe or elbow. The irresistible (because apt) title for him is "man of letters." Since the Second War – in which, characteristically, he was in two services, The Royal Air Force and the Royal Navy – Hyams has: translated numerous books from the French; become an expert gardener and viticulturist; written books entitled *The Grapevine in England*, *Vineyards in England*, *The Speaking Garden*, *The Wine Country of France*, *Soil and Civilization*, and *The Last of the Incas*; written a history of the *New Statesman* and edited a large anthology representing its half-century; and written most of his 15 novels. (I have also heard him on the BBC Third Program speaking on the etymology of the word "sycophant".)

One approaches a novel by a man of this sort, if it is a "sort," with wariness. One expects, at best, literate entertainment. In Hyams' latest novel, *A Perfect Stranger*, that is exactly what one gets: except that, after reading the book, one changes the inflection of the inner voice when using the phrase. If he does not nearly plumb the serious subjects in his novel, he is interesting about them. If his style has no extraordinary brilliance, it is astringent, wiry, precise. If there are no shattering insights into character, there is plenty of juicy observation; if no deep compelling drama, there is unflinching narrative. Even the patently carpentered climax does not prevent one from enjoying the book.

The narrator-hero, never named, is the son of a doctor, one of those culti-

vated, cruelly witty, tacitly humane Edwardian survivals who come in handy as fathers in English novels. The hero's mother is less interesting, and takes to drink:

"My father did everything he could think of to stop her drinking, and when he failed he did a remarkable thing: he drank with her. It made him ill and his hands shook in the morning. I believe that this was a deliberate act of saintliness; he was trying to be not virtuous but good. I don't mean that he was a saint; just once in your life you can drive in a motor race without being a racing driver. In the end his drinking frightened my mother and they were drawn together and helped each other give it up."

His mother soon disappears, with another man. The loss means little to the hero because, at school, he begins what is to be – in all ways except the sexual – the love of his life, with a boy named Luther Emmett, a perfectly beautiful youth who (in a manner eventually revealed as irregular) comes from an immensely rich family.

The book is essentially concerned with the contrasts and parallels between the hero and Luther. They are educated together in France. The hero goes early into journalism because he is clever at reporting the world-as-is, although he is not enthusiastic for it. Luther rejects the world-as-is, and, since he can afford it, lives an intellectually ascetic life in Paris with a half-Negro mistress, working on a book about language, despising 20th-century mobocracy, devoting himself to refinement, personal honor, general purification. The outside world explodes into his life when his mistress becomes involved in a bloody revolt in the African country of her mother's origin; and elements of outrage and horror, but no more lurid than reality, splatter the pages.

The hero, as journalist and as friend, is entangled in these events as well as in other aspects of Luther's life. In fact, most of the drama in the hero's life is reflected from Luther's. Even his chief

love affair is with Luther's half-sister, and presents difficulties for him because of her startling resemblance to her brother. A virtue of the book is that, although his main actions are echoes of Luther's, he never becomes merely an attendant lord meant to start a scene or two and advise the prince. Symbolically (and this may be a reason he is left unnamed) he is that part of Luther that must fare in the world. He becomes one with Luther, after the latter's death, by living with his sister and, presumably, eventually marrying her. She, too, wants to withdraw from life; they try it, but in the end the world has its way. They return, and Luther, posthumously, loses a second time.

Violence underlies the book. It winds a red thread through the "civilized" mixture of parliamentary affairs, legal hugger-mugger, Fleet Street activity, European and African politics, urbane chat in exquisite gardens. Two men are killed before our eyes, and there are several other violent deaths reported. Except for the last of these, none seems

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melodramatic. Hyams is not merely repeating the cliché of the thin line between us and savagery, he is dramatizing the belief that there is no such thing as a purely intellectual and idealistic life if principles are to have effects.

It is violence, given and received, that finishes Luther. At the end he is on the run from the police. The hero thinks his friend may be in an old childhood haunt on Dartmoor, goes there, and finds a tent.

"'Luther,' I said, 'are you there?' and heard him stir within his lair, my friend, the kraken, the perfect stranger. The tent flap shifted and he came out, straight, tense, elegant even in overalls above a dark shirt and a silk neckerchief, the fairness of his hair darkened a little and matt with condensed water, his face all bone and eyes. The face neither welcomed nor resented me; I felt my features fall into an expression of the hangdog, saw him behold it without indulgence. He said, 'It crossed my mind that you might

look for me here,' and held the tent flap aside for me to enter."

That, for me, was a key passage in the novel. Its consciously climactic setting and tone, the quiet manly-sentimental relationship between Luther and his friend, the feeling of eccentric heroism living on its nerve, illuminated a question that had been teasing all through the novel. The drastic juxtapositions of African prisons and Cornish gardens, of courtrooms and bedrooms, of "inside" journalistic view and abstracted idealistic view; the unashamed coincidences and "plotty" twists; the pivotal character who is as much a personification as a person—all these galvanized by a cheerily assumed obligation to keep the story moving—why, it was H. G. Wells come back again! Modernized, with mid-century instead of *fin-de-siècle* candor, limbered up and thinned down, but basically the very same. The nostalgic recognition, the persistence of the lineage were so pleasant that, in themselves, they would have made Hyams' novel worth writing

about. The scene above could have come out of *The Research Magnificent*; Luther is as much of an allegorical figure as Benham. The private chats with a cabinet minister might have come from *The World of William Clissold*. *Mutatis mutandis*, the hero's love scenes might have come from *Tono-Bungay*. The interweaving of worldwide currents with the small motions of an individual life might have come from any of half-a-dozen Wells novels. Above all, there is the sense of an author bursting with diversified interests, weaving them all together with just-sufficient credibility and using much apparatus of the Edwardian novel to do it.

However, there is one great difference. Wells was, of course, a meliorist, at least until his embittered end. Hyams is not. When his hero is offered the editorship of a large weekly, he declines, and gives his reasons:

"Every editor in England has to accept, as the reality of our situation on which he founds his policy,

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The interrelatedness of the revolutions in cybernation, weaponry and civil rights is not a new idea to *Liberation* readers, nor is the belief that all members of society must share in the abundance that automation can bring. But "The Triple Revolution," by W. H. Ferry, Gerard Piel, and other members of the Ad Hoc Committee, is a fundamental and concise statement of an analysis crucial to urgently needed social changes in the United States. In mimeographed form it has already attracted wide attention in the *New York Times*, through William Shannon's columns and elsewhere.

Every month *Liberation* features the latest developments in the struggles for civil rights, peace and social change. Recent articles have included *Arthur Waskow*, "The Breakthrough of the Absurd"; *Manfred Macarthur*, "The Road to Recession"; *Raymond Gilbert*, "Automation: Grounds for Fear?"; *Sumner Rosen*, "Liberals and Reality"; *A. J. Muste*, "No Breakthrough of Peace"; *Dallas Smythe*, "The Mass Media and the Cold War"; *Paul Goodman*, "A. J. Muste: Peace Agitator"; and *Irving Louis Horowitz*, writing on the Panama crisis in "Too Many Sardines."

The Editors of *Liberation* are Bayard Rustin, A. J. Muste, Dave Dellinger and Sidney Lens, men whose names recur time and again whenever struggles for civil rights, peace and economic justice are reported. *Liberation's* editors and contributors are leaders in many of the organizations of protest, yet *Liberation* remains independent. *Liberation* is radical, fully committed to the revolutionary challenge of nonviolent direct action.

I am aware of no more important magazine in America than *Liberation*. It is important because it is radical in the denotative sense of the term. *Liberation* tries—and often succeeds—to get at the roots of the most basic problems. It is the most stimulating and least comforting magazine I know.

NAT HENTOFF

The nonviolent revolution in this country must have a journal which can be relied upon for sympathetic coverage and perceptive analysis. *Liberation* is indispensable for all of us.

JAMES BALDWIN

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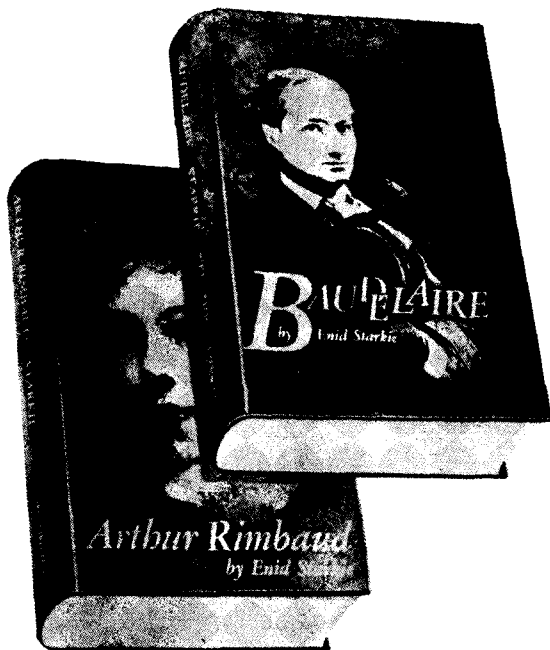
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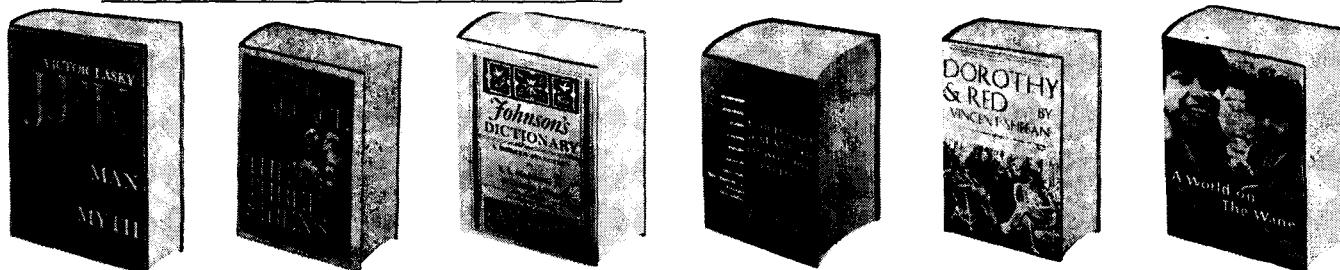
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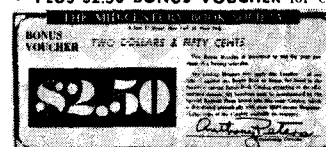
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what seems to me an illusion. . . . I don't think it matters at all which political party is currently in office and pretending that the corpse of parliamentary democracy is alive and kicking. It stinks and ought to be buried. . . . I'm probably wickedly wrong, but it seems to me that a society whose terms of reference are those of war physics, war chemistry, and war bacteriology but which goes on pretending that its sanctions are moral is ridiculous, and *only* ridiculous. . . . How can I edit a paper when the word I can't help applying to nine-tenths of our goings-on is no stronger than 'silly'?"

It is Wells lashing out, especially furiously because he realizes his arms are too short, his sword too small. The difference is that Wells would have followed it with a plan for an Open Conspiracy or a New Samurai or a way to win the "race between education and catastrophe." Hyams' hero retires to a great Cornish garden to paint pictures of trees. In time he finds that inadequate, but he can do no better, can find no better hope, than to rejoin Things As They Are. He takes the

editorial job at last. "I could have less peace of spirit in paradise than out of it with the others mucking in. God was my enemy, too, and men my allies." Wells would have approved the step, but only as a first step.

There is a small temptation to expand on the Art of Edward Hyams, building up a system in his fiction. (Some obvious points: the revulsion with politics has roots in two previous novels; in his last previous novel, *Tillotson*, can be found the father of Luther's mistress, an identical quotation from Toulouse-Lautrec, other connections.) This would be a mistake be-

cause, in the most serious sense, Hyams is not a serious novelist. He writes fiction because, presumably, it is convenient to spin out his observations, ideas, reactions, in the form of a tale. But there is no hint of total subscription to art. If a royal edict next week forbade the writing of fiction in Britain, such novelists as Muriel Spark, Iris Murdoch, Angus Wilson would emigrate or die. Hyams would simply turn to another form of writing. (As Wells would have done.) But his several attractive qualities and abilities make him the next best thing to a good serious novelist: a good companion.

Robert Frost's Russian Junket

by John Kenneth Galbraith

One of the most civilized associations of President John F. Kennedy was with Robert Frost and certainly one of the most civilized events of his three years in office was the trip he and Stewart Udall encouraged the aged poet to take to the Soviet Union in the late summer of 1962. Frost was warmly received and entertained by Soviet poets and writers, much featured in the Moscow press,

Robert Frost in Russia

By F. D. Reeve

(Atlantic-Little, Brown; \$3.95)

interviewed to literal exhaustion with highly unpredictable results by Soviet and American reporters, and visited for an hour-and-a-half by Premier Khrushchev. The latter was vacationing on the Black Sea and Frost went down to visit him. But on the day of the meeting, Frost was stricken by indigestion and nervousness, so Khrushchev very agreeably came to call instead.

The two men got on well together and each had sensible things to say on the unwisdom of using Berlin or any other disagreement as an occasion for reciprocal destruction. For presenting the American case, Robert Frost in his eighties in bed was, I would judge, several times superior to Richard Nixon in his forties in a kitchen. The visits with Russian poets, editors and writers had a pleasant tone of gusty enjoyment modified by the vagaries of poetic communication into Russian.

Mr. Reeve, who is Professor of Russian at Wesleyan University, was Frost's interpreter, literary guide and general aide. In this book he tells, day by day, about the journey. I am sure he was a good companion. He loved and admired both Frost and his verse. He is able to enjoy and admire the Russians; he is not required, as are the surviving Dulles and pre-Dulles statesmen, to keep reminding people (and more especially Senator Goldwater) that they, of course, know what the bastards are up to. But Mr. Reeve has his limitations.

One affliction is an apparent urge to live up to his companion. This leads to images that are singularly unnerving. "Outside on Sixteenth Street once again . . . we are jarred by America." ". . . We sat there in the darkness of the dormitory-like cabin of the jet airplane high over nowhere." But, showing versatility, he can also be emphatically trite. Mrs. Udall "moved among the company with skilled poise. . . ." "The conversation was light but serious; in a word, urbane." "As the saying goes, they had put their best foot forward." "Even those who rarely read a poem felt briefly close to America." In justice, I must say that most of this glue comes from the early chapters; I thought the author got better as he went along. Still, as a Boswell, I think Mr. Reeve would be advised to work out for a while with Robert Moses or possibly Everett McKinley Dirksen.

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TELEVISION

Experiments with Violence

A rash of recent articles in newspapers and national magazines describing certain experiments with "film-mediated aggression" portends a fresh attack on those primitive but immensely pleasurable refuges from reality, the Westerns and the crime shows.

These experiments have been concerned with one question: will the observation of violence affect the TV viewer's own behavior. Without going into the not-very-interesting details, it can be said that almost all of the experiments concur in demonstrating a greatly increased propensity towards aggressive acts by those who watch film violence: both children and adults were stimulated either to direct imitation of the acts witnessed or to the use of obvious substitutes for such aggression. Ironically, the stimulus was greatest when the film violence was directed against morally culpable targets. Nor were there any indications that normal children and adults were unresponsive to such incitements; the familiar notion that TV violence triggers only those who are ready to explode will now have to be dropped. Similarly, experiments designed particularly to test the concept of catharsis — the usual rationalization for film violence — showed that if catharsis did occur its effects were practically insignificant. In the rare instance of no increase of aggressive behavior after watching violent actions, the result could be interpreted as owing to a repression by guilt rather than a release through catharsis. (One wishes that some term other than catharsis could be found for the release of raw emotion often effected by action movies and sports events. Catharsis connotes Aristotle, serious art and the Greek theater, where physical violence was an unthinkable desecration.)

These findings would appear to confirm our worst fears about the effects of television on our children — which is why they received so much attention from the press. But is it all that dreadful? The aggressive acts perpetrated by the subjects were, in the case of the children, such harmless pranks as

pounding an inflated rubber Bobo doll with a mallet or, as the little girls preferred to do, simply sitting on it. Adults were tested by measuring the number and duration of electrical shocks they gave to other subjects whose reactions they could not see. As other quite unrelated experiments have shown recently, a subject who is told to press a button that will convey a shock to another person is motivated primarily by his response to authority; if the professor in the white coat didn't make the suggestion the subject would generally not employ such a painful device to express his anger.

A further and more important qualification of the practical import of these findings is provided by common knowledge. Everyone has had the sensation coming out of a movie of being slightly "high" with his own power and capacity. Such feelings soon evaporate as we turn the corner into reality.

The important questions suggested by TV violence are generally ignored by such experiments as these; principally, I suspect, because such questions cannot be answered by the relatively primitive techniques of experimental psychology. What concerns most of us is not the possibility of someone throwing a punch in a theater lobby, but rather the long-term effects on the character and personality of children subjected for years to massive doses of TV violence. This and the related problem of the children's ravenous appetite for such coarse fare are things parents are concerned about.

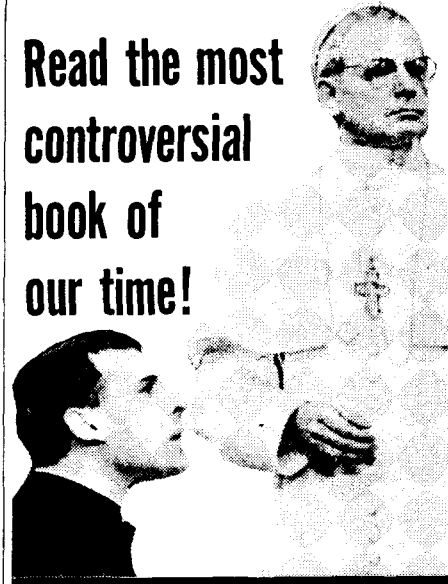
According to the latest compilations, the average American child spends 25 hours a week (as much or more time than he spends in school) gazing at the TV screen. During the hours before bedtime in a typical week, he sees a considerable share of "action" — 161 murders, 60 "justifiable" killings, 192 attempted murders, 93 robberies and kidnappings, dynamitings and brutal and prolonged fights beyond number. But the plain statistics are misleading because they substitute simple abstrac-

tions for the complex concreteness of the actual experience.

If, as seems shown, the children's aggressive and hostile energies are stimulated by these programs without any pleasing reduction of tension through catharsis, then I think we must conclude that the children find the mild stimulus of anger pleasurable in itself, seeking it as instinctively as animals seek salt. My own idea is that the children are suffering from a chronic repression of anger — permissiveness rarely extends to allowing children a proper expression for their feelings of hostility. By immersing himself for hours every day in a fantasy world where people are free to act on their hostile impulses, the child enjoys the luxury of anger without guilt and fear.

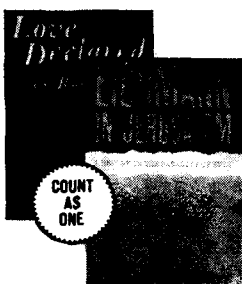
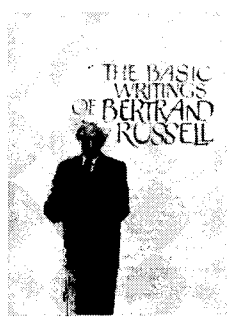
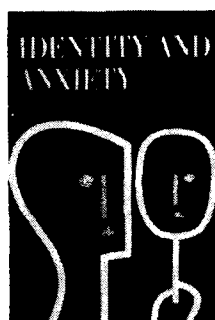
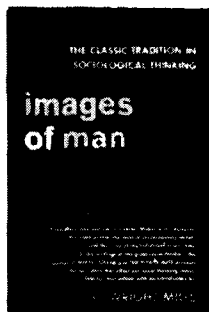
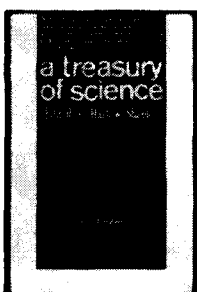
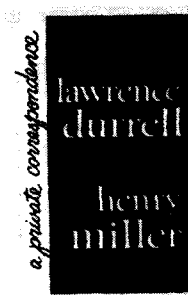
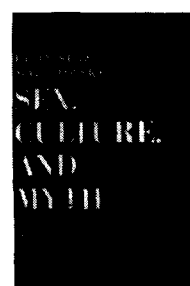
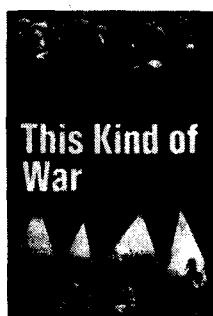
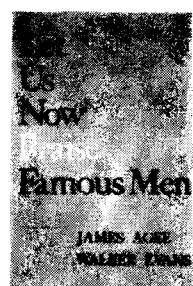
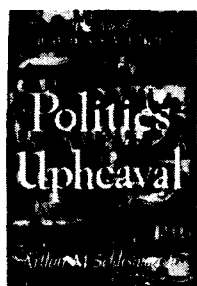
What I find troublesome about these experiments is not their conclusions but the use to which the findings are likely to be put. It is one of the major ironies of the current social situation that having made the popular culture a giant sewer for conveying undesirable thoughts and feelings underground, society is now exclaiming with horror

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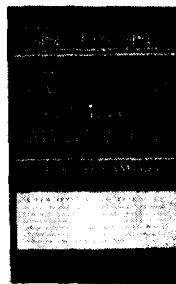
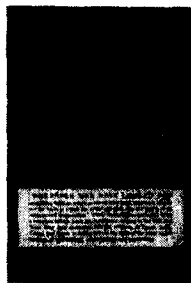
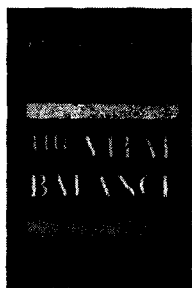
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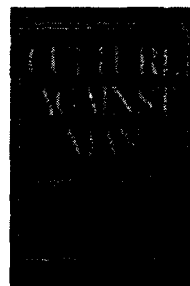
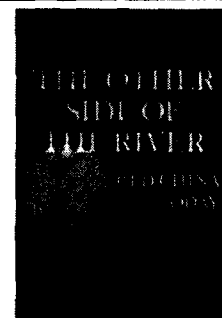
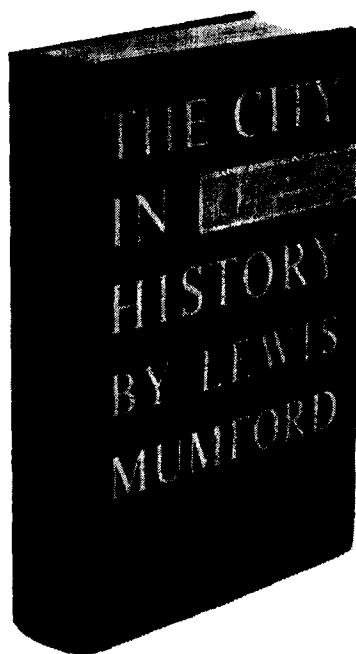
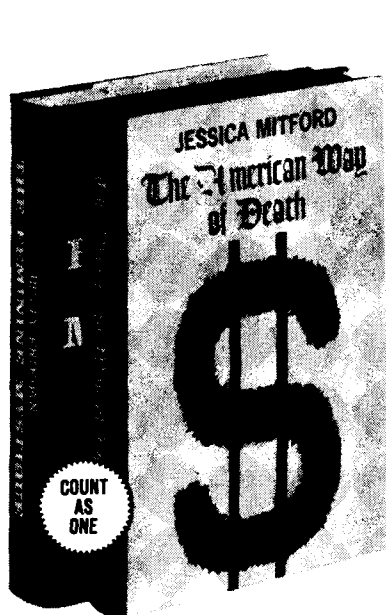
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that the popular culture is a veritable cloaca. Again, as in the case of the horror comics years ago, doors will be slammed but no windows opened. The primary sources of juvenile violence – tensions within the family – will be masked by the concentration on cultural incitements to violence. Meanwhile, the

necessity for modifying our social code so as to allow for a proper expression of hostility – one that is spontaneous, directed at the right people and expressed through words rather than deeds – this need will be drowned out in the hue and cry after cultural corrupters.

ALBERT GOLDMAN

THEATER

Subsidized Rubbish

For over four weeks now, I have been trying to write about the last two offerings at New York's Lincoln Center, but whenever I begin a review, my typewriter fails me. The keys stick, the ribbon jams, the carriage jumps – obviously my reluctance is being communicated to my machine. This sounds like anger – and I wish to God it were, because a fierce raging assault upon this whole deadly enterprise would, at least, relieve my feelings – but it is actually something closer to torpor. To sit through the successive evenings of the current Lincoln Center season is to progress from boredom to apathy to total numbness. To attempt to write about the individual productions is to STomth&0%#wHtTeFB. . . . Well, you see what I mean.

You may ask why a theater critic, whose experience of meretricious drama is certainly vast, should suddenly become immobilized by plays and productions no worse than some of those on Broadway. But this is precisely the point. Lincoln Center attempts to dignify Broadway; it transforms commercial commodities into cultural pseudo-events. Were *Marco Millions* and *But For Whom Charlie* to be produced under normal Broadway auspices, one would have the option of ignoring them completely; but produced at the Repertory Theatre by a permanent company on an apron stage – catapulted into our consciousness with so much artistic posturing and policy fanfare – these works ask to be treated as if they were really worthy of serious consideration. This I simply cannot do. Contrary to the popular notion that critics enjoy roasting turkeys and squeezing lemons, there is absolutely no reward at all to be had in writing about bad theater.

Were I to elaborate the innumerable mistakes and blunders committed by the actors, directors, and writers at Lincoln Center, it would probably demoralize me more than it would the company.

The question arises, however: who was naïve enough to expect anything better? From the moment that Elia Kazan and Robert Whitehead were appointed producing directors, the prospects of this venture perceptibly dimmed. I do not set up as a prophet, but this was obvious enough to me three years before the first Lincoln Center production, because, in a magazine article appearing in December, 1960, I was already wondering "why – when it is commercialism that is debasing our theater – the Lincoln Center project was handed over to two men who have hitherto shown no great interest in any other system." After examining the policy statements of the two directors, I concluded that "within a year or so the repertory will consist mainly of conventional American plays." At the time, I feared I was being prematurely harsh, but as it turned out, I was not harsh enough. Even from my pessimistic perspective, I could not foresee that my prediction would be fulfilled the very first season, and that Lincoln Center would soon be featuring the trivial maunderings of S. N. Behrman.

This outcome was inevitable, however, because of the superficial assumption underlying the selection of Kazan and Whitehead: that the troubles with American theater were exclusively external. The original reasoning might have gone something like this: Broadway actors, directors, and playwrights function under impossible artistic conditions; change these conditions, and

the quality of their art will change. For years, Walter Kerr and Brooks Atkinson had been hammering away at the proscenium stage, declaring that it was responsible for the mediocrity of our drama, and that only an open stage could inspire American masterpieces. Similarly, the uneven quality of American acting was said to be the consequence of the star system, pickup casts, and inadequate rehearsal periods, while the paucity of great classical works on Broadway was attributed to crazy theater economics, where each play had to be a runaway hit in order to pay back costs.

Now there was some truth in this analysis, but only a very small portion of the truth. For instead of being hamstrung by hostile conditions, the Broadway professional was actually functioning in a system which he had helped to create, and which was perfectly tailored to his needs. Consider, for example, the question of the proscenium stage. It is, of course, absurd to say that the physical theater is largely responsible for empty playwrighting, but, aside from this, it should have been clear that the proscenium is perfectly adequate to our contemporary plays, because most American drama is essentially realistic, even when it takes place in "the mind, thought, and memory" of its protagonist. Similarly, the inability of American actors to merge into an ensemble owes a good deal to Method training which encourages the performer to concentrate primarily on internal problems of the self, while the disappearance of great plays from the commercial theater has as much to do with the ignorance, incapacity, and indifference of the professional as with the venality of the producer. The career of Kazan himself is a perfect illustration of this. For years, he was in a position to direct any play he wanted, and for years, he limited his objectives to the works of Williams, Miller, Anderson, MacLeish, and Inge.

At Lincoln Center, where external conditions are supposed to be ideal, Kazan's objectives have, if anything, narrowed. An open stage has been designed for him by Jo Mielziner – a pallid affair, I might add, beside the sturdy aprons in Canada and Minneapolis – and Kazan mounts plays which would be more effective behind a proscenium. He has the freedom to choose,

JULES FEIFFER

I WISH I WERE A GROWN-UP.

NOT ME. I **LOVE** BEING A CHILD AND NOT HAVING TO GO TO A JOB I HATE AND BEING ABLE TO RUN AND PLAY AND ENJOY MYSELF.

SURE SURE. WHO GETS UP EARLIER, YOU OR YOUR FATHER?

ACTUALLY I GET UP THE VERY FIRST BECAUSE I HAVE TO BE IN SCHOOL BY 8:30 AND MY FATHER DOESN'T HAVE TO GO TO THIS JOB HE HATES TILL 10:00.

YEAH. AND WHO HAS TO STUDY MORE DIFFERENT SUBJECTS?

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I HAVE TO STUDY SOCIAL STUDIES, ORAL EXPRESSION, LANGUAGE, SCIENCE AND MATH. I HAVE TO LEARN TO READ THE NEW YORK TIMES. MY FATHER ONLY HAS TO STUDY WHAT **BUTTON** TO PUSH ON THIS JOB HE HATES.



AND WHO HAS TO TAKE GYM?

ARE YOU KIDDING? THE **BEST** PART OF BEING A GROWNUP IS YOU **NEVER** HAVE TO TAKE GYM!

O.K. SO WHO DOES MORE HOMEWORK?

I GOT **HOURS** OF HOMEWORK. MY FATHER COMES HOME, COMPLAINS HOW HE HATES HIS JOB AND WATCHES TELEVISION. CATCH HIM LEARNING TO READ THE NEW YORK TIMES.



AND WHO **EVERY** DAY TELLS YOU IT'S ONLY FOR YOU HE'S DOING ALL THIS?

MY **FATHER!** SO THAT WHILE HE HAS TO GO TO A JOB HE HATES I CAN RUN AND PLAY AND ENJOY MYSELF.

AND WHO RUNS AND PLAYS AND ENJOYS HIMSELF?

MY **FATHER!**

DON'T YOU SEE? IT'S ALL A **PLOT!**

ONE OF THESE DAYS WE'LL BE OVER THIRTY AND HAVE IT MADE!



for a "classical revival," from among the greatest works in dramatic literature, and he selects an early outrage by Eugene O'Neill, presumably because it is a costume drama (thus qualifying as a "classic"), and because it satisfies a certain superficial and nostalgic radicalism by satirizing businessmen. For "experimental" new works, he turns to a monstrosity by Miller and a banality by Behrman, both of which have less to do with reality than with the personal lives of those represented at Lincoln Center (Miller's play is partly about himself and Kazan, and Behrman's is partly about O'Neill and his children—it is too bad, for the sake of symmetry, that O'Neill did not write a play about S. N. Behrman and Arthur Miller). Kazan has the opportunity to pick his permanent company from among the most versatile performers in America, and he picks a group so limited that a stock actor like David Wayne can walk off with the honors, simply because he has a sense of character, and a loud clear voice. All that early training in diction, and the players still have marbles in their mouths; all that fencing, movement, and dance, and they still stumble about like sleepwalkers; all that rehearsal time, and they are still so mannered and remote. What is worse, none of these people is even displaying that professional competence they once commanded in the commercial theater. This is especially true of Kazan who leaves us with the final irony that Lincoln Center has gained a bad director, and that Broadway has lost a good one.

So as not to deprive Broadway of one of its few genuine assets, I would like to see Kazan returned to his original hunting grounds, and Lincoln Center handed over to a more capable pro-

ducer. The purpose of a repertory theater, as almost everyone knows, is to stage the interesting works of the past and the stimulating works of the present; it is not to transplant commercial plays into more congenial surroundings. At the APA, for example—a genuine repertory troupe in theory if not always ideal in practice—the works of Pirandello, Molière, George M. Cohan, and Gorky are running in sequence, so that the more popular play is able to support the one that has not attracted an audience. At Lincoln Center, where none of the plays deserves support, the repertory system functions only to perpetuate bad art, and to keep the shame of the actors cruelly on display. If Lincoln Center is not

utterly committed to the subsidy of *kitsch*, it must be willing to countenance a complete change in personnel. Three years ago, I suggested Joseph Papp as head of the classical side of Lincoln Center; as the experimental troupe, I should like to propose the Living Theater or the Actors Workshop. There are many other competent groups, among them the APA, which have developed standards and aspirations superior to those at Lincoln Center; any of them would be preferable. For if Americans are really serious about developing a genuine culture and not mere cultural pretense, then we will have to start institutionalizing our artistic virtues instead of our commercial vices. ROBERT BRUSTEIN

ART

Square on the Circle

It isn't, thank Heaven, always true, but you take your average, vociferous defender of free speech and pin him down hard and you're likely to find out that what he's been talking about is his right to free speech, not yours. It's certainly true in art and has been from early in the century. Defenders of every new departure in painting from Cubism, Orphism and Futurism through present day Kook Art have only very rarely maintained that here is a somewhat different manner in painting that may or may not have something of value in it and that certainly is entitled to a hearing. More usually, the position is that here is the only legitimate, the only conceivable and, ideally, the only permissible way to paint at this time. It was therefore with a gratifying sense of tradition being firmly adhered to that one observed the mildly hysterical reaction of *Art News* to the opening of Mr. Huntington Hartford's new Gallery of Modern Art on Columbus Circle in New York. The venerable editor, Dr. Alfred Frankfurter, worked himself into a frenzy so fine that a full-scale review-denunciation wouldn't hold it; he went on to devote a signed editorial to the subject, calling for an investigation of the tax-free aspects of Mr. Hartford's

non-profit institution and hinting broadly that this sort of thing ought to be prohibited by law.

Art News has always shown a certain selectivity in its anathemas as in its canonizations. Its most recent rug-chewer was directed against the decision of Pope John to ship the Michaelangelo *Pieta* over here for the World's Fair. It's a defensible enough position, shared by many respectable observers of the scene, but the magazine managed to let the Mona Lisa carnival take place without a whisper of early warning or simultaneous mourning, only a muted afterword of gratitude that nothing had happened to the picture. Oddly enough, while *Art News* was thus passing up a chance to take on de Gaulle and Malraux, surely as worthy targets as the Pope, the magazine's new owner, *The Washington Post*, was handling the picture as if it were a Luckybucks device in a vigorous circulation drive.

There was another funny coincidence in the affair of the paintings by Sir Winston Churchill. Sir Winston is an amateur painter of no distinction at all but of great enthusiasm and even evangelism in recommending art as relaxing recreation. Against his better judgment, he was finally persuaded by

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the Hallmark greeting card company to lend a large batch of his works for a touring show in America. In Kansas City, at the National Gallery and at the Metropolitan there subsequently took place the most blatant flouting of elementary principles of professionalism. *Art News* serenely ignored all this and added its own voice to the ridiculous praises being heaped upon the poor daubs of the heroic statesman. Oddly enough this professional opinion was passed, along with pages of color reproductions, well after Dr. Frankfurter's service as a consultant to Hallmark in the Churchill enterprise.

With this kind of history going on in the background, it may be that Mr. Hartford's deepest crime was to assemble his collection himself, without the services of a consultant.

At any rate his museum comes into existence for the same reasons that brought on, earlier, the Whitney, the Museum of Modern Art and the Guggenheim: the founder feels there exists a body of meritorious art not receiving anything like the attention it ought to have. The outrage of *Art News* echoes very closely the response of earlier art dignitaries who were outraged at, respectively, Sloan and Kuhn, Picasso and Braque, Kandinsky and Baur. The difference is that the old outraged academics never imagined that shock as such could be considered an art value. *Art News* has consistently defended it but again it all depends on who's being shocked. Mr. Hartford has apparently shocked the footnotes off Dr. Frankfurter, and the distinguished consultant has reacted like a Bouguereau fan to Monet a hundred years ago:

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Benjamin Schwartz is on the faculty of the Harvard East Asian Research Center. Marquis W. Childs is a veteran Washington correspondent. Gertrude Himmelfarb is the author of *Darwin and the Darwinian Revolution*. John Kenneth Galbraith, formerly US Ambassador to India, has returned to the Harvard faculty. Albert Goldman teaches at Columbia. Stanley Kauffmann and Robert Brustein, both contributing editors of this journal, have just received travel grants from the Ford Foundation, as has another frequent contributor, Wolf Von Eckardt.

he seems to want to call the cops.

Mr. Hartford's gallery is not, when you get up to it, a shocking institution, either as a permanent collection, a program of exhibitions or a building. The building, by Edward Durrell Stone, has been getting its knocks along with Mr. Hartford, chiefly, it would seem, because people who live in glass houses do nothing but throw stones at non-glass. Stone himself, after a youthful infatuation with glass boxes, has been going in for decorative grills of stone or cast concrete and the Gallery of Modern Art is so enhanced. On the ground level, the southeast arc of Columbus Circle, the building has an arcade and the whole suggests Venetian Nights, the theme of a masked ball. My sensitivities are probably being dulled by living in Washington, but I find the fanciful notes struck by the architecture entrancing in themselves and altogether suited to the site, which is highly irregular and very small, formed by the edge of the circle and nearby near-intersections of grid streets. Having a building on such a site is a fanciful idea to start with: why not have a fanciful building? From subterranean auditorium to top- or tenth-floor restaurant, the building is lushly fitted: white marble, walnut panelling and bronze all over the place. This, too, is a change from current fashion and a pleasant one. The great beauty of the building, though, is the view from the ninth-floor bar and tenth-floor dining room. You get a diagonal through Central Park and are still close enough to see it as trees and people; and at the same time you look up Broadway to the edge of Lincoln Center. An awkward site had been made to reveal astonishing vistas.

The collection itself is shocking only in the vista from *Art News*. It is quiet and interesting in its deliberate, idiosyncratic choice of atypical works by well-known painters including a pair of male nudes by Lautrec and even more unlikely paintings by other 19th Century Frenchmen. There are three Doré paintings, including a portrait of the divine Sarah, and all three of them, obviously setting out to be serious, high-class paintings, nevertheless suggest the mystery world of his prints. There are Blakelocks, a Cassatt, a 1918 Henri portrait of Fay Bainter and a couple of lusty Reginald Marshes. But

the standout American picture is a circus performer by Walt Kuhn, one of his absolute best.

Presumably the controversial part of the collection is the Pre-Raphaelite pictures and especially the Perseus series by Burne-Jones. When I was a child there used to be a green Sir Galahad of his on the landing and I guess I've never recovered from it. I still can't take him very seriously, but the stuff is certainly not without justification.

Then there is Salvador Dali, until now the artist most closely associated with Mr. Hartford's taste. The enormous "Discovery of America by Christopher Columbus" looks better now than it did five years ago. Its virtue is still - as is that of its companion "Battle of Tetuan" - virtuosity and ingenuity combined. That combination may be the key to the whole collection. There is hardly an uninteresting picture in the place but, outside the Americans, there is hardly one that lifts up your heart and opens your mind.

This applies also to the opening exhibition, a big retrospective of Pavel Tchelitchew. He was romantic and surrealist, but whatever it is that both characteristics imply is firmly subordinated to fascination with technical dexterity, as when, for example, a tree becomes both a hand and a foot, and a head is created out of spiraling lines.

The new place is probably the most intellectual art institution in town; the violence and bitterness of Dr. Frankfurter's attack would seem an earnest that the Gallery cannot be all bad.

FRANK GETLEIN

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The Triple Revolution

Sirs:

I beg leave to call your attention to the fact that the report of the Ad Hoc Committee on the Triple Revolution, on whom you have commented, is a compromise among thirty-two individual opinions.

As one of the thirty-two I, for instance, consider the report defective in that it fails to lay sufficient emphasis on the priority that, in my opinion, employment takes over support. I agree that we cannot expect to have a social order of maximum stability until everyone in the United States is adequately fed, clothed, and housed; but when that is done, the purpose will still be unachieved. You can feed the poor until they are stuffed like Strassburg geese, but they will remain socially unstable as long as their lives are aimless and useless in their own eyes.

I refer, of course, to the employable. There is obviously an irreducible minimum of persons mentally and temperamentally incapable of coping with the complexities of modern civilization. Then there are the disabled, some physically crippled and others—as, for example, a widow with a houseful of children—disabled by circumstances. But the sum of the unemployable, sociologists tell us, cannot be expected to rise much above three percent of the total work force.

As to these, I agree with the report that there is nothing to do except supply them with decent food, clothing, and shelter without regard to work.

It is the problem of the unemployed who are capable of working that is, it seems to me, being viewed from the wrong angle, both in this report and in President Johnson's operational order for the attack on poverty. Poverty—that is, poverty of the purse—is an incidental that could be removed at any time by redistribution of the gross national product. What is by no means

as easily handled is the threat that increasing numbers of Americans will be left with nothing to do all their lives. Cybernetics, including but not confined to automation, apparently is threatening to create a condition under which a surplus of marketable goods will be produced by a steadily decreasing proportion of the available labor force.

The obvious solution is to turn the labor released by cybernetics to the production of non-marketable goods, the chief of which are education and safety. The former needs no definition, but safety means not only protection from the Red army, but also from domestic crime, from fire and flood, from pestilence, and, especially, from wasteful depletion of natural resources, beginning with water and soil.

Education and safety are incalculable social values, but the trouble with them

Isaac Deutscher
on the Sino-Soviet Dispute in

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is just that they are social and incalculable. Afforestation and elimination of stream pollution, for example, would vastly enrich the nation, but not any individual. The profit would be great, but it would remain an undistributed profit, therefore, to most eyes, invisible.

Yet the men engaged in producing these non-economic goods—teachers, policemen, firemen, sanitarians, foresters, conservationists of a thousand kinds—would be adding to the gross national product its most valuable item, to wit, healthy children, normal in body and mind, made so because they were adequately fed, clothed and housed by the labor of their fathers.

Socialism? Possibly. I really don't know. But I do know that to give every man a fair chance to support his own family by his own labor is common sense; and I incline to the view that money spent to that end is a highly profitable form of capital investment.

Gerald W. Johnson
Baltimore, Md.

Cats and Dogs

Sirs:

Stanley Kauffmann's review of *The Servant* (March 21) smells of criticizing the cat because he is not a dog. Perhaps the most fundamental attack made by Pinter, Osborne, and other "angry young men" is against the notion that a meaningful life reveals itself in political and social terms. (Cut away politics from British literature and there is very little left.) Mr. Kauffmann looks for an "allegory of social revolution" while Pinter is parodying it. Likewise, the criticism of the story seems largely irrelevant. Samuel Beckett reduces "motive" to a meaningless theatrical gesture; his ardent disciple Harold Pinter eliminates it completely. Under the false exteriors, what we are left with in *The Servant* (and Pinterland in general) is an absurd world in which the only constant is a Newtonian law that for unknown reasons certain characters draw the malevolence of the universe to themselves. This may not agree with our tastes; nonetheless director Joseph Losey should be commended for being admirably faithful to Pinter's.

Douglas Connor
Harvard College

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